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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—July 24, 1976, 60 cents

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Carter's Problems

KEN BODE

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CIA Freeze-Out — *Tad Szulc*

New & Dirty Words — *Roger Rosenblatt*

Might Have Beens

Joseph L. Rauh on Humphrey

Richard Cohen on Kennedy

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TRB

from Washington ®
July 24, 1976

Free Enterprise

We imagine a little commotion outside the White House sometime after this election, with a gawking crowd gathering on the Avenue. It will be an eight-year-old blonde Amy Carter setting up her wayside lemonade stand—the one she is currently using to sell 10-cent drinks and sandwiches to reporters in Plains, Georgia. She seems to have strong entrepreneurial instincts.

Her White House stand would be right across Lafayette Park from the stately limestone building of the US Chamber of Commerce, and the members would undoubtedly get a good deal of comfort at seeing private initiative and free enterprise installed right in front of the White House. Judging by Ronald Reagan's hypnotic televised speech the other day, and Jerry Ford's veto of the latest public works employment bill, we had supposed the Democrats were rapidly going Socialist, if not worse. The nation can take comfort. Amy charges 50 cents for her peanut-butter-and-jelly special which she makes herself, but her father has cracked down on a dollar for tuna fish. As liberal economist Walter Heller is always saying, "You have to have a wage-price watchdog somewhere."

In his veto President Ford said the proposed $3.59 billion works bill "sends a clear signal to the American people that four months before a national election the Congress is enacting empty promises and giveaway programs." When he vetoed a larger jobs bill last February he called it "election-year pork-barrel spending." The US jobless rate is now 7.5 percent, which is one of the highest in history, but Mr. Ford is encouraging; the idle workers should remember that last year the average rate was 8.5 percent. Prosperity is just around the corner.

Who said that? Why Herbert Hoover, to be sure! Somehow conservative Presidents express themselves best in their veto messages. Hoover, for example, denounced the now generally accepted Tennessee Valley Authority: "I hesitate to contemplate the future of our institutions, of our Government, and of our country," he said, "if the preoccupation of its officials is to be no longer the promotion of justice and equal opportunity but is to be devoted to barter in the market place. This is not liberalism, it is degeneration." His veto didn't stick.

Richard Nixon's veto of the comprehensive national child care system in December 1971 did stick. Sen. Mondale was one of the sponsors. The President recoiled from "the most radical" bill of the 92nd Congress, which, he said, ". . . would lead toward altering the family relationship . . . diminish both parental authority and parental involvement . . . [and] commit the vast moral authority of the national government to the side of communal approaches to child rearing over against the family centered approach." Mondale called the campaign against the bill one of the most "dishonest attacks I have witnessed."

Rarely has the issue between two parties been drawn so clearly as in the presidential election of 1976. Now that the gaudy phrases and lofty sentiments of Madison Square Garden are over, do they mean anything? How large a bank draft can you draw on the new Democratic platform? The challenge waits when Congress resumes: will it reverse the job bill veto; will it rescue the foundering tax reform bill? The closing weeks of the 94th Congress will tell us a lot about party realities.

Mr. Ford took over the presidency two years ago, August 9, and retained the Nixon team of economic advisers who couldn't recognize a recession when they saw one. He sponsored his celebrated summit meeting and then came out with a program occupied almost exclusively with inflation. As the economy skidded into the worst slump since the depression, the administration kept on the brakes. Walter Heller in a forthcoming book, *The Economy: Old Myths and New Realities*, says the Democratic Congress saved him. Yes there was inflation—worldwide inflation; but this began to decline as the lines of idle grew and the factories shut down. At long last the administration took fright and asked Congress for a quick $16 billion tax cut, which Congress raised to $24 billion. Mr. Ford previously berated Congress for wanting to spend but now attacked it for delay. Congress passed the measure in two-and-a-half months—an Olympic record.

"These charges were directed at a Democratic Congress," Heller says, "that had been virtually hooted down for its timely efforts to mount a modest fiscal offensive against the gathering forces of recession in 1974."

But doesn't spending produce inflation? Yes, say experts, if goods are scarce and plants busy but not if there is a terrifying slack, as there was in 1974 and 1975, and that remains, in some degree, today. Walter Heller was the top economist for Jack Kennedy and persuaded him, in spite of a big deficit, to cut taxes to stimulate the economy. Nobody will accuse *The Wall Street Journal* of being far to the left and it declared editorially (May 25, 1976) that this was "the most successful economic policy action of this generation." It noted sorrowfully that Sen. Goldwater and "three-quarters of the House Republicans" opposed the Kennedy-Johnson tax cuts "on the ground of fiscal irresponsibility."

One thing has happened in Washington, Heller points out; Congress has reformed its budget process. The Founding Fathers gave Congress the power of the purse as the strongest potential control of a headstrong President. Over the years the languid legislature all but threw it away. The congressional budget fell among rival committees with no requirement for overall ceilings. Under the 1974 budget reform act, however, and the firm prod of Muskie in the Senate and Brock Adams of Washington in the House, there has been a startling reform. Congress will fulfill its budget plan this year if Sen. Russell Long, chairman of the Finance Committee, lets it close some of the glaring tax loopholes whose revenue is needed and is counted upon. That's only one of the issues in the continuing congressional struggle that picks up where Madison Square Garden leaves off.

It's a long way from Amy and her lemonade stand in Plains, Georgia. But even an eight-year-old businesswoman knows that when you make promises you have to deliver.

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Elliot Richardson On Bribery

Elliot Richardson is a skilled mincer of words. His report on bribery by American companies, issued on June 11 after about two months' study, is a fair example of his work. In 29 pages he said little new, but managed to undermine the only agency that has done anything to expose foreign bribery—the Securities and Exchange Commission (SEC). Richardson bemoaned the scandals that are rocking "American business, American institutions, American principles—indeed the very democratic political values and free competitive economic system which we view as the essence of our most proud heritage and our most promising future." In scholarly style he divided the corruption into several categories ranging from the most benign to the most pernicious. And he concluded that bribery (or in his text, the "questionable payments problem") is "serious—as is the need for additional initiatives to address it." Then he made a few suggestions.

First, Richardson said, we must choose between "disclosure" and "criminalization." We cannot have both, for the "two are not compatible with each other." So instead of outlawing bribery, the administration will ask Congress for a simple disclosure provision: all American firms, whether stock-issuing or private, will be asked to keep records of large payments they make to influence foreign officials. But there is a catch in this ever-so-reasonable plan. The records will not be made available to the public. They will be kept in secret government files, probably at the Department of Commerce, to be released at the discretion of the Secretary, or published a year after the date of filing. Richardson also asked for improved bookkeeping rules—as proposed by the SEC—so that corporate officers will not be able to claim ignorance when their companies are caught making bribes. Finally, Richardson said the US hopes to speed up negotiations on an international anti-bribery pact. His goal is to have a text ready for a vote in the UN by the fall of 1977.

Forthright though it may seem, the Richardson plan is actually quite cautious. In a bland and public-spirited way, it did some damage to the SEC's investigation. What the SEC had hoped for was a vote of confidence in the work it had already done and encouragement to continue. What it got instead was Richardson's opinion that it had overstepped its bounds and was not fit to carry on the work it had begun. Richardson called the SEC an "inappropriate agency" for

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dealing with "important national and foreign policy concerns" like those its inquiry has raised. The SEC, he said, should stick to the narrow problems of "investor confidence" and leave bribe-watching to high-level officers at the Department of Commerce or State. But the danger is that these diplomatic police outside the SEC would be too diplomatic. An office whose preoccupation is "important national and foreign policy concerns" is likely to grow bored with bookkeeping. One fears it would be very tolerant of bribe givers and takers.

Richardson was even more critical of the SEC in his report. He said the SEC's current work, "however laudable, may be based on tenuous legal grounds." He thought the SEC had stretched a point in attacking foreign bribery as a violation of bookkeeping procedures. This provoked a stinging response from Roderick Hills, the chairman of the SEC, who wrote Richardson that his criticism was "unfounded, inappropriate and ill-timed." Hills told Richardson, "We consider your comments to be particularly unfortunate since neither you nor anyone on your staff previously discussed them with us." Richardson made an ambiguous apology, but retracted nothing.

The effect of Richardson's remarks, according to an officer at the SEC, will be to make it harder to get important data on bribery. Companies will cite the Richardson report as justification for not turning over their files. This is what angered the SEC enforcement division: "It's the same old argument we've had all along from the first of these cases," the SEC man said. Now the argument—that the SEC should stick to accounting and stay away from international affairs—has been given official weight by the President's task force.

The Senate Banking Committee, which finished work in early July on its version of an anti-bribery law, is headed in just the opposite direction. First it decided to give the SEC the vote of confidence it sought, adopting the SEC's plan for accurate recordkeeping. Then it voted to outlaw all payments made to foreign officials "for a corrupt purpose." The definition of a corrupt purpose will be the same as is used in domestic criminal law. The SEC will be charged with enforcing the new law as it applies to public corporations, and the Justice Department will watch nonpublic companies in international trade (estimated by the committee to number about 20,000). The committee decided *not* to require any form of disclosure because it takes time to fill out government forms, and "the committee did not have enough information to determine whether the benefits of a disclosure program would outweigh its cost." According to one committee staff member, the disclosure provisions were really dropped because they were too controversial. Not enough votes could be found to support them.

When this bill reaches the full Senate later this year, those who believe that disclosure is the key to stopping bribery will try to amend it; Sen. Frank Church (D, Idaho) is leading the way. There are some reasonable objections to the disclosure principle: it's a nuisance to administer and to obey; it will embarrass agents and their clients; it will force companies to reveal more about their internal machinery than they would like. Most nettlesome is the bureaucratic aspect. If a disclosure system is run primarily by the SEC, as it should be, then another office will be needed to deal with companies that do not come under the SEC's jurisdiction (nonpublic companies). It would be an untidy arrangement, but probably the best one. The disclosure principle has one great virtue: it enforces self-restraint, something that cannot be achieved nearly as well through threats of criminal prosecution. As the Senate Banking Committee put it (rather wistfully, in view of the fact that it didn't vote for disclosure): "A disclosure requirement would thus tend to discourage those payments that cannot be justified to the public while permitting those that are legitimate and proper . . . The ultimate test of propriety would be the weight of public opinion."

Remembering Needleman

At the Cremation

It has been four weeks and it is still hard for me to believe Sandor Needleman is dead. I was present at the cremation and at his son's request, brought the marshmallows, but few of us could think of anything but our pain.

Needleman was contantly obsessing over his funeral plans and once told me, "I much prefer cremation to burial in the earth, and both to a weekend with Mrs. Needleman." In the end, he chose to have himself cremated and donated his ashes to the University of Heidelberg, which scattered them to the four winds and got a deposit on the urn.

I can still see him with his crumpled suit and grey sweater. Preoccupied with weighty matters, he frequently would forget to remove the coat hanger from his jacket while he wore it. I reminded him of it one time at a Princeton Commencement and he smiled calmly and said, "Good, let those who have taken issue with my theories think at least that I have broad shoulders." Two days later he was committed to Bellevue for doing a sudden back somersault in the midst of a conversation with Stravinsky.

Needleman was not an easily understood man. His reticence was mistaken for coldness, but he was capable of great compassion, and after witnessing a particularly horrible mine disaster once, he could not finish a second helping of waffles. His silence, too, put people off, but he felt speech was a flawed method of communication and he preferred to hold even his most intimate

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conversations with signal flags.

When he was dismissed from the faculty of Columbia University for his controversy with the then head of the school, Dwight Eisenhower, he waited for the renowned ex-general with a carpet beater and pelted him until Eisenhower ran for cover into a toy store. (The two men had a bitter public disagreement over whether the class bell signaled the end of a period or the beginning of another.)

Needleman had always hoped to die a quiet death. "Amidst my books and papers like my brother Johann." (Needleman's brother had suffocated under a rolltop desk while searching for his rhyming dictionary.)

Who would have thought that while Needleman would be watching the demolition of a building on his lunch hour, he would be tapped in the head by a wrecking ball? The blow caused massive shock and Needleman expired with a broad smile. His last, enigmatic words were, "No thanks, I already own a penguin."

As always, at the time of Needleman's death he was at work on several things. He was creating an Ethics, based on his theory that, "good and just behavior is not only more moral but could be done by phone." Also, he was halfway through a new study of semantics, proving (as he so violently insisted) that sentence structure is innate but that whining is acquired. Finally, yet another book on the Holocaust. This one with cut outs. Needleman had always been obsessed by the problem of evil and argued quite eloquently that true evil was only possible if its perpetrator was named Blackie or Pete. His own flirtation with National Socialism caused a scandal in academic circles, though despite everything from gymnastics to dance lessons, he could not master the goose step.

Nazism was for him merely a reaction against academic philosophy, a position he always attempted to impress on friends and then would grab at their faces with feigned excitement and say, "Aha! Got your nose." It is easy to criticize his position on Hitler at first, but one must take into account his own philosophical writings. He had rejected contemporary ontology and insisted that man existed prior to infinity though not with too many options. He differentiated between existence and Existence, and knew one was preferable, but could never remember which. Human freedom for Needleman consisted of being aware of the absurdity of life. "God is silent," he was fond of saying, "now if we can only get Man to shut up."

Authentic Being, reasoned Needleman, could only be achieved on weekends and even then it required the borrowing of a car. Man, according to Needleman, was not a "thing" apart from nature, but was involved "in nature," and could not observe his own existence without first pretending to be indifferent and then running around to the opposite end of the room quickly in the hopes of glimpsing himself.

His term for the life process was *Angst-Zeit*, loosely meaning Anxiety-Time and suggested man was a creature doomed to exist in "time" even though that was not where the action was. After much reflection, Needleman's intellectual integrity convinced him that he didn't exist, his friends didn't exist, and the only thing that was real was his IOU to the bank for six million Marks. Hence, he was charmed by the National Socialist's philosophy of power, or as Needleman put it, "I have the kind of eyes that are set off by a brown shirt." After it became apparent that National Socialism was just the type of menace that Needleman stood against, he fled Berlin. Disguised as a bush and moving sideways only, three quick paces at a time, he crossed the border without being noticed.

Everywhere in Europe Needleman went, students and intellectuals were eager to help him, awed by his reputation. On the run, he found time to publish *Time, Essence, and Reality: a Systematic Reevaluation of Nothingness* and his delightful lighter treatise, *The Best Places to Eat While in Hiding*. Chaim Weizmann and Martin Buber took up a collection and obtained signed petitions to permit Needleman to emigrate to the United States, but at the time the hotel of his choice was full. With German soldiers minutes from his hideout in Prague, Needleman decided to come to America after all, but a scene occurred at the airport when he was overweight with his luggage. Albert Einstein, who was on that same flight, explained to him that if he would just remove the shoe trees from his shoes he could take everything. The two frequently corresponded after that. Einstein once wrote him, "Your work and my work are very similar although I'm still not exactly sure what your work is."

Once in America, Needleman was rarely out of public controversy. He published his famous, *Non-Existence: What To Do If It Suddenly Strikes You*. Also the classic work on linguistic philosophy, *Semantic Modes of Non-Essential Functioning*, which was made into the hit movie, *They Flew By Night*.

Typically, he was asked to resign from Harvard because of his affiliation with the Communist party. He felt only in a system with no economic inequality could there be real freedom and cited as the model society an ant farm. He could observe ants for hours and used to muse wistfully, "They're truly harmonious. If only their women were prettier they'd have it made." Interestingly, when Needleman was called by the House Un-American Activities Committee, he named names and justified it to his friends by citing his philosophy: "Political actions have no moral consequences but exist outside of the realm of true Being." For once the academic community stood chastened and it was not until weeks later that the faculty at Princeton decided to tar and feather Needleman. Needleman, incidentally, used this same reasoning to justify his concept of free love, but neither of two young coeds would buy it and the 16-year-old blew the whistle

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on him.

Needleman was passionate about the halting of nuclear testing and flew to Los Alamos, where he and several students refused to remove themselves from the site of a scheduled atomic detonation. As minutes ticked off and it became apparent the test would proceed as planned, Needleman was heard to mutter, "Uh-oh," and made a run for it. What the newspapers did not print was that he had not eaten all day.

It is easy to remember the public Needleman. Brilliant, committed, the author of *Styles of Modes*. But it is the private Needleman I will always fondly recall, the Sandor Needleman who was never without some favorite hat. Indeed, he was cremated with a hat on. A first I believe. Or the Needleman who loved Walt Disney movies so passionately and who, despite lucid explanations of animation by Max Planck, could not be dissuaded from putting in a person-to-person call to Minnie Mouse.

When Needleman was staying at my house as a guest, I knew he liked a particular brand of tuna fish. I stocked the guest kitchen with it. He was too shy to admit his fondness for it to me, but once, thinking he was alone, opened every can and mused, "You are all my children."

At the opera in Milan with my daughter and me, Needleman leaned out of his box and fell into the orchestra pit. Too proud to admit it was a mistake, he attended the opera every night for a month and repeated it each time. Soon he developed a mild brain concussion. I pointed out that he could stop falling as his point had been made. He said, "No. A few more times. It's really not so bad."

I remember Needleman's 70th birthday. His wife bought him pajamas. Needleman was obviously disappointed as he had hinted for a new Mercedes. Still, it is the mark of the man that he retired to the study and had his tantrum privately. He reentered the party smiling and wore the pajamas to the opening night of two short plays by Arabel.

Woody Allen

Woody Allen will be seen in *The Front*, a film about the Hollywood blacklist, to be released in the fall.

Killing Porpoises

Since January environmentalists have sought court action to prevent the tuna industry from using a fishing technique that annually harasses and kills thousands of porpoises. In May they won their most important victory when US District Court Judge Charles Richey sided with them and prohibited the use of the disputed fishing method (called purse-seining) until its effect on the population level of the porpoise can be determined. But the victory was fleeting, because the tuna fishers appealed to a higher court and in the meantime won the right to continue killing porpoises.

Richey's ruling in May invoked a 1972 act of Congress that outlaws the killing of marine mammals. If enforced properly, the law would serve to protect the porpoise, the tuna industry and the environment. However, the agency charged with enforcing the law—the National Marine Fisheries Service (NMFS)—is not doing a thorough job, and as a result, the environmentalists and the tuna men are engaged in a nonstop legal battle over the interpretation of the law. Unfortunately for them, the porpoises can't lobby in their own behalf; the litigation meanders along, and they continue to die in large numbers.

The fishing technique takes advantage of a unique behavioral bond between the yellowfin tuna and three species of porpoise. For reasons unknown to biologists, though many theories suggest that food is involved, the yellowfin of the Eastern Pacific follow behind and beneath the surface-riding porpoise. When they sight a group of porpoises, fishermen "set upon" or round up the porpoises and the fish in a net three-quarters of a mile long and 250 feet deep. This method, purse-seining, uses a net that closes with a draw-string like one on a purse or a laundry bag. The flaw in this method is that when the fishermen draw the net closed, the porpoise panic, become entangled in the mesh and suffocate.

Introduced to the tuna industry in the 1950s to increase efficiency and profits over the old bait-and-line technique, purse-seining has slaughtered hundreds of thousands of porpoises in the last 20 years. Though improvements in fishing gear and technique have reduced the mortality rate from more than 300,000 to 100,000 a year, the slaughter continues without any clear indication of whether it will wipe out the affected species of porpoise.

The Marine Mammal Act of 1972, which flatly outlaws the killing of marine mammals, gave the tuna industry a special exemption—a two-year grace period to develop new methods that would not take such a heavy toll on the porpoise population. Congress provided the exemption in return for the industry's promise that by improving gear and technique, it would "reduce to insignificant numbers approaching zero" the porpoises it kills. At the same time, the industry and NMFS were told they must determine the "optimum sustainable population" (OSP) of porpoise. The OSP is the population size considered most healthy for the survival of the species and its ecosystem. Seeking more time to determine an OSP for porpoise, NMFS has for two years issued permits to the industry allowing the killing to continue in clear violation of the law. At the end of the grace period, the number of porpoise killed annually declined; it did *not* reach zero, but hovered around 100,000. The OSP has not been determined. The precision of NMFS' work can be gauged by the fact that today it says the population of porpoise to be

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"stable or increasing or decreasing slightly."

Over the past year, according to Charlene Dougherty of the Environmental Defense Fund—the group carrying the legal battle for 13 other environmental groups—the Fisheries Service has been negligent and inconsistent in carrying out its mandate. During this period NMFS has reversed field twice. The first flip-flop occurred last fall. In September, it first announced it would impose a quota on the number of porpoises killed and establish a more extensive on-board observer program to monitor the tuna industry. However, by December, when it came time to renew fishing permits and it was clear that the mortality rate had jumped from 98,000 to 134,000 over the year, NMFS decided not to issue a quota. NMFS also failed to keep its word on the observer program.

A second spectacular reversal took place following the Richey ruling. Rather than simply comply with the decision, NMFS ordered the tuna fishers to halt all gear and technique improvement. Then two weeks later, it appealed Richey's decision and won back for the fishermen, at least temporarily, the right to continue killing porpoises. It also promised to impose a quota—something it had resisted for two years. And, crowning its erratic behavior, NMFS told the court that it could have a "workable" OSP within 90 days—another task that until this summer seemed completely beyond its capacity.

Negligence is apparently nothing new at NMFS. Congressional testimony by former tuna fisherman Alix Jay revealed not long ago that NMFS has failed to police fishing operations. Quoting from the reports of observers employed by NMFS, Jay described not only the slaughter of porpoises but other questionable activities. One striking example: with the knowledge of NMFS, fishing crews occasionally use unwashed fuel tanks to hold tuna. In an effort to extend their fishing range (the tuna are getting scarce) fishermen fill their storage tanks with extra fuel. When they sight tuna, they often dump the fuel overboard, then load the unwashed tanks with fish.

Considering NMFS' wavering on the Marine Mammal Act, the proposed legislation of Rep. Robert Leggett (D, Calif.) appears wholly inadequate. The bill (HR 13865) essentially provides relief for the tuna industry from Judge Richey's decision and the 1972 law banning the killing of marine mammals. It places more discretionary power in the hands of NMFS, the group Charlene Dougherty says is "most at fault for the position we are in today." The bill fails to increase the amount of research funds, which are sorely needed if humane fishing methods are to be found. Most significantly, it deletes the current requirement for determining the OSP for porpoises and actually allows the killing to continue unabated. Environmentalists view the Leggett bill as blatant special-interest legislation and find it incredible that Congress would entertain the proposal.

Ironically, even if Judge Richey's strict interpretation of the 1972 act were carried out, the tuna interests would hardly suffer. The yellowfin caught "on porpoise" make up no more than 15 percent of the marketed tuna. Despite cries of potential economic disaster, the tuna industry has nothing in common with the solitary fisherman struggling against the sea, for 60 percent of the business is controlled by seven multinational corporations (C.H.B. Foods; Caribbean Marine Services Co.; Zapata Ocean Resources; Star-Kist, a division of H.J. Heinz Co.; Del Monte, a division of Castle & Cooke; Van Camp, a division of Ralston Purina; Bumble Bee Seafoods, a division of Castle & Cooke). Cries of injustice must be taken with a grain of salt, too, because the industry, under a price-fixing consent order since 1957, faces another Federal Trade Commission investigation soon for price fixing, antitrust violations and failure to adhere to the earlier order.

Michael Douglas

White House Watch

Remodeling Ford

At the press conferences and other appearances around the country, Vice President Rockefeller is saying what Gerald Ford and his people at the White House are saying to each other and will be saying in public with ever-increasing fervor if the President is nominated at Kansas City in August. Thus Rockefeller when he is asked about the President's prospects: "I believe President Ford will be nominated on the first ballot and elected in November, and I can tell you why—because his record is really extraordinary. Two years ago this country was faced with tremendously difficult problems: loss of respect and confidence in the executive branch of government; the economic crisis with inflation, unemployment, recession; and problems in the world that almost looked insurmountable. Two years later, what has happened? The President has restored confidence and respect in government, in the White House. He has cut the inflation rate in half. There are 3,200,000 more people working today in the United States than there were a year ago—an absolutely phenomenal growth. The growth rate of the economy is 8.7 percent. Nobody thought that inflation could be controlled and jobs restored both at the same time. But he has done it. He has done it by his courage, by his belief in fundamental values. And on top of all that, we have peace in the world. So in my opinion the American people are not going to want to change that kind of leadership."

The point of quoting this homily at length is that, with some allowance for an advocate's rhetoric, it is

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really believed by most of the people around the President and they, like him, are truly troubled and puzzled by the obvious failure of a large portion of the public to perceive and believe it. The astonishing, totally unexpected success of Ronald Reagan in forcing an incumbent President to beg and scramble for the votes of a few score uncommitted Republican convention delegates in order to win nomination has done more than Mr. Ford's steady decline in public opinion polls to convince his principal assistants and associates that something has been dreadfully wrong with the way in which he presents himself and is presented by his spokesmen to the country. With belated recognition of Reagan's root appeal to the Republican minority that by definition determines the choice of the party's presidential nominee, the conclusion at the Ford White House is that the President could not have been brought as low as he has been if the general public perceived him as those who serve and work with him perceive him. They perceive him as a strong, decisive and intelligent man with a genuine capacity for leadership who in two years has overcome the handicaps inherent in the circumstances that he is President by appointment rather than election and that his is the party of Richard Nixon and Watergate. His people have come to realize—they grant with bitter realism—that many Americans, perhaps a majority, perceive him as a weak bumbler, a likeable but laughable figure who should never have been plucked from Congress and installed first in the vice presidency and then in the presidency.

It is typical of the Ford White House that a feeling that all of the foregoing is so, accumulating and growing though it has been for months, brought a decision at least to try and do something about the general perception of the President only in mid-July and then only because of the realization that he could not possibly win the election in November unless that perception is turned around and corrected. It obviously being too late to do anything in this respect to improve his chances of nomination, a month before the Republican convention chooses between Ford and Reagan in mid-August, a sudden burst of action and reorganization was aimed at improving his chances of defeating Jimmy Carter. The steps taken were in themselves in-house stuff, rather petty, but their nature and purpose and the way in which they came about are worth noting in some detail because they tell a good deal about this President and his White House.

One of the revealing things was the conclusion, evidently shared by the President, that nothing much can be done about Gerald Ford. Perhaps the statements and speeches drafted for him could be sharpened up. Perhaps the choices of occasions for his public performances could be improved. But it had to be and was assumed that he would remain his usually dull and dulling self, often lively and impressive in private but seldom able to convey those qualities in public. That is why Nelson Rockefeller dwells more upon the President's record than upon the President as a person. The Vice President is known to hold that Mr. Ford is a good President and a terrible campaigner and that he'd have done better than he did in the Republican primaries if he'd spent more time in the White House, being President, and less on the road. It also is why the President at a Washington press conference on July 9—his first at the White House since February—similarly emphasized his record when he said: "Once we get the nomination, we can start pointing out the distinct differences between the prospective Democratic nominee and myself; we can talk about the record that we have. It is a record that I think will be applauded by 99 and nine-tenths of the delegates to the Republican convention. I think it will appeal to many independents, and . . . there are some Democrats who think the record of the Ford administration is a good one." And, finally, it is why the coming effort to improve the projection of Mr. Ford to the country will rely more upon setting forth the record of his two years in the presidency in a favorable way than upon public relations gimmickry with him as a person. There will be some of the latter, but not as much as might be expected.

Another fact made clearer than it had been is that the White House of Gerald Ford, a gentle and forbearing type who abhors dissension among his people and personifies good fellowship, is a cockpit of jealousies, rivalries and downright hatreds without recent precedent. At its lowest point and its times of greatest internal tension, the Nixon White House never suffered anything near the in-fighting and back-stabbing that characterize the Ford White House. In a newspaper column that shook official Washington, Evans-Novak on July 10 reported that "recriminations, back-stabbing and personal power plays" at the White House and at the headquarters of the President's campaign instrument, the President Ford Committee, had "brought the campaign to the brink of anarchy." Such reports miss the mark in two respects. There is nothing new about the condition and, perhaps because it is chronic rather than a matter of sudden eruption, it has oddly little effect upon the overall Ford performance. In the instance dealt with here, it actually furthered some useful changes.

Many of the animosities involve two senior assistants who detest each other, Press Secretary Ron Nessen and Counsellor Robert Hartmann, a long-time Ford associate who heads the President's writing staff. Don Penny, a diminutive ex-comedian and producer of television spots who caught the President's fancy when he did some work on contract at the White House early this year, has called Hartmann "prick" to his face and has baldly stated to the President his, Penny's, opinion that Hartmann is a ruinously stupid and inept assistant whose deficiencies and follies are enough to bring Mr.

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Ford to defeat. The President remains unswerving in his devotion to and support of Hartmann and insistent that Penny stick around as a $150-per-day consultant, providing ideas and language to brighten up Mr. Ford's public self. Penny's uninhibited criticism in private of practically every facet of the Ford public relations operation had a lot to do with the President authorizing the changes undertaken in mid-July.

Two of the changes were made possible by the accomplished and impending departures from the staff of two assistants whom Nessen has been trying to ease out for months. The nomination of Margita White, aged 39, a competent and attractive woman who has been the director of communications under Nessen since February 1975, opened the way to transferring to that job David Gergen, staff chief Richard Cheney's principal idea man and the last head of Richard Nixon's writing staff. Gergen's deputy at the head of a greatly expanded Office of Communications staff with expanded responsibilities is William Rhatican, a gutsy Nixon veteran who lately has been Treasury Secretary William Simon's chief spokesman.

Margita White during her tenure as communications director was in some part a victim of a deliberate policy decision, reached at the start of the Ford incumbency, to diminish and downgrade the Office of Communications, which Nixon had established as his public relations-propaganda arm. Under Herbert Klein, its first director, the communications office did a quietly effective job of promoting the best and obscuring the worst of the Nixon performance. Klein's deputy and successor, Ken W. Clawson, ran an aggressive operation dedicated to the reelection of Richard Nixon and the destruction of George McGovern in 1972 and, after the Watergate scandals broke, equally dedicated to Nixon's survival. When he fell and was succeeded by Gerald Ford, the hitherto autonomous office was put under the press secretary and, over time, reduced in both staff and functions. The inevitable result was that White was neither as prominent nor as effective as her Nixon predecessors had been. Nessen fretted and, as a sense of need to reinvigorate the President's image machine spread and grew, others joined him in wishing that Margita White would go away. She turned down an offer of a departmental public affairs job and agreed to leave only when she was offered a seven-year term on the Federal Communications Commission. The predictable reluctance of a Democratic Senate to let a Republican President with a doubtful future put a Republican—even a female Republican—in such a plummy spot caused some Ford assistants to wonder whether Margita White had been lured out with a phony nomination. The expanded office remains nominally under Nessen but really autonomous. A *Chicago Tribune* report that Nessen had lost authority with the change enraged him and he typically blamed Hartmann for inspiring that interpretation. For once, Hartmann passed up a chance to get at Nessen and had nothing to do with the report.

The simultaneous resignation of the President's television adviser, former CBS producer Robert Mead, resulted from his refusal since 1974 to submit to Nessen's direction and Nessen's steady, finally successful effort to isolate and frustrate him. Senior assistants who did not share Nessen's dislike of Mead felt nevertheless that the President needed a more aggressive and innovative television adviser and welcomed the chance to seek one. A few assistants, Hartmann among them, and quite a few White House correspondents noted with sour interest that Nessen had survived. They wondered why.

John Osborne

Running Carter Against Himself

Carter's Problems

by Ken Bode

The networks tried to convey an understanding of what they were broadcasting. ABC called it a social occasion: "You get no sense of a political gathering here," cracked Harry Reasoner. Over at CBS, Walter Cronkite remarked: "The convention is in complete control of the Carter and Democratic National Committee forces and no fights are being permitted." The prevailing theme was persistent unrelieved harmony, the image of an absolutely unified gathering.

Of the less fortunate, less harmonious past, there

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were only glimpses and allusions. National chairman Robert Strauss, architect of the most crowded convention ever and exceedingly pleased with himself, spoke pointedly of "a new beginning." Asked about the uncharacteristic unanimity about this year's not very far-reaching platform, committee chairman Alan Cranston said, "We've debated and dissented ourselves to defeat all too often." Merely sidebar figures, the party's last two nominees were invited to speak briefly. Hubert Humphrey was in typical Humphrey form—rousing, cheerful, lusty, prolix. George McGovern, who seemed to consider himself the most embarrassing reminder of days past, paid tribute to Jimmy Carter and sat down. There were only small backroom reminders of conventions past. Some happenings, however, were symbolic. Fritz Efaw came to New York as an elected alternate from Democrats Abroad, a delegate category not intended to include draft resisters and deserters. But Efaw has lived outside the country for seven years, and returned at some risk to his personal liberty to tell this convention that amnesty is the great hangover of the Vietnam era, that there is a category of Americans who are still standing outside Jimmy Carter's broad consensus. Indeed, Efaw was met at the airport by a US attorney from Oklahoma who wanted him back home to face charges immediately. Efaw stayed at the convention only at the sufferance of a New York magistrate. At Madison Square Garden, Efaw worked on various strategies to get his case before the delegates. He even asked the populist former presidential aspirant Fred Harris, a fellow Oklahoman, to place his name in nomination for Vice President and thereby address the issue of amnesty. Spokesmen for Harris refused, dismissing the idea as a "meaningless gesture." Carter's operatives, who wanted the harmony continued and who controlled access to the podium, suggested Efaw get his case across to the television people but not to address the convention crowd.

Television replays carried to nighttime viewers the remains of another battle, skirmishes between various women's groups and the Carter campaign for guarantees for more female representation at future conventions. The debate, in a crammed, overheated hotel caucus room, was about how far the women would have to move in Carter's direction in compromising their original demands for a 50 percent quota. The main measure of this year's ground gained, it was reported, is that the candidate himself was willing to negotiate. Said Mildred Jeffrey, a veteran of such affairs: "Last time, we met with McGovern's aides. This time, Carter saw us."

One other ghost of conventions past: when Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley mounted the podium to defend the platform, he was greeted with sustained applause from the Illinois delegation, and a waving of hand-lettered cardboard signs, one referring to the mayor's ouster four years ago, said: "Daley's '59 is back." When Daley suggested to the Illinois caucus that the delegation make its presidential ballot unanimous for Carter, one delegate who was disinclined to go along voted nay. "That's all right," said Daley, "we'll make it unanimous without you."

Unity and harmony were the messages, but underlying that orthodoxy were a few convention-week signs that the coming campaign will be a greater testing for Jimmy Carter than anything he has yet encountered, either in the primaries or at Madison Square Garden. Constant convention talk of the only unresolved matter of consequence, Carter's choice of a running mate, led to political speculation and odds-making among newsmen and delegates inevitably centered on the candidate's weaknesses. Clearly, no choice Carter could make would ever settle all the problems.

Speculation about Frank Church, for example, focused on Carter's weakness in the West, where he entered five, and lost five, primaries. Abe Ribicoff, the first prospective running mate to decline, would have also been the first Jewish vice presidential candidate, and Carter's support with Jews, one of the most consistent and concentrated Democratic voting blocs, was negligible during the primaries.

John Glenn, the conservative Democrats' choice, with the poll ratings of an astronaut, not a politician, would complement Carter on the issues, but his presence would serve to emphasize that the head of the ticket is inexperienced in Washington and foreign affairs. Anti-Washingtonism may have been epidemic during the primaries; but a foreign relations crisis during the general election—no more serious even than the trumped-up *Mayaguez* affair—could turn that vaunted Carter advantage into a fatal deficiency.

Edmund Muskie, it was reiterated, would be helpful with urban ethnics and Catholics, population groups centered mainly in the middle industrial states and the Northeast, places where Jimmy Carter lost more than he won. These are groups where suspicion of his up-front Protestant fundamentalism is often unstated but strong. Catholics are not a bloc-vote, says Jimmy Carter; they are as various in their political beliefs as any other religious group. But ethnic Catholics, in fact, are traditionally Democratic, and they are lodged disproportionately in the big cities of the traditional battleground states in a close presidential contest, states with many electoral votes and where victory margins are normally small—in the three or four percentage point range. If the Democratic party has transcended the era of lingering North-South divisions with its unified nomination of a native Georgian, Jimmy Carter's own remark, dredged up and repeated floorside last week, indicates that Carter himself has some reaching out to do. A long-time Democrat, a New Yorker, a Jew, said: "Remember his statement before the Pennsylvania primary? 'They chose to be coalminers.' Nobody who is remotely in touch with American immigrant experience could have made that

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statement."

And the name of Barbara Jordan, the convention's most applauded speaker, once included but not among Carter's finalists, gave rise to talk of other potential blacks for Vice President and to a resurgence of commentary on the suspicions of black elected officals whose support of Jimmy Carter lagged badly behind the black rank-and-file. "Outwitted and outmaneuvered," is how Shirley Chisholm described herself and other black leaders, and public expressions that they remained unconvinced of Carter's commitment to minority causes led first to a meeting with the candidate and then to a statement that all reservations had vanished.

Talk of Walter Mondale on the ticket was framed in terms of appeasement of the liberals, those who controlled the 1972 convention and fell apart thereafter. In New York City, reformers were nagging about some outstanding rules fights, but only slightly so. Their reservations about Carter were well enough known and adequately expressed in the late primary campaigns and at the convention with the placing in nomination of the names of Morris Udall and Jerry Brown. Before dropping his effort to get the presidential nomination, Mondale was the acclaimed liberal frontrunner, the heir to the McCarthy-Kennedy-McGovern legacy. His selection, it was said, would be Carter's gesture to the left, a group Carter needs. Mondale indeed was anointed on Thursday.

Other signs of disquietude not evident from the platform or on the floor were also expressed in preconvention opinions handed over by the delegates to the networks. More than 700 delegates, for example, told CBS that they would not cast their vote for the party's all-but-certain nominee (a phrase now happily extinct) even if they knew he had the 1505 votes needed to capture the nomination. It was a question evidently designed to tap restiveness; it called forth a gratuitous expression of negativism, and the delegates took the bait. That feeling was confirmed in an NBC straw poll conducted in the delegation hotel lobbies; it showed 64 percent of the respondents expressing anonymous reservations about Jimmy Carter.

Findings like these were confirmed in a preconvention polling of the nation's electorate by *Time* and Gallup. *Time* reported two important findings: first, among Democrats, Jimmy Carter has still failed to consolidate popular support. With his opposition collapsed, the nomination bagged, 44 percent of those questioned still expressed an explicit preference for someone other than Carter, compared to 47 percent who favored him. Also, in a Carter-Ford pairing, the Democrat has stalled at a nine-point lead and remained there for nearly three-and-a-half months. Gallup confirmed the common notion that Carter's support is wide but not deep. Measuring intensity, they found that only 27 percent of the voters polled had a highly favorable image of Carter. At comparable times, LBJ polled 57 percent, Eisenhower 49 percent, and Kennedy 47 percent. Only Nixon, with 28 percent, approached Carter's current low marks on this intensity index.

The delegate polls, Carter's own surveys, and a Republican National Committee poll released on the eve of the Democratic convention all confirmed that Carter's main weakness is a perceived failure to be forthright on issues, a fuzziness contrived to serve him up to all shades of Democrats in the primaries, against a crowded field of competitors. It is not a posture that Carter will be able to sustain against the GOP.

All these considerations raise the possibility that Jimmy Carter's slide in the late primaries is unrelieved, that his late losses were owed, not as his staff still believes, to mechanical causes (having to run one-to-one against Udall, Brown and Church in separate contests) but to a more important problem. With his advertising and campaign blitzes, accompanied by all that free press attention, it may be that Jimmy Carter was overexposed, that his message of love, trust and goodness began to curdle among those voters given the largest doses. When the going was toughest in those late days, Carter's blunt political attacks leveled mostly at Jerry Brown and Mo Udall were always accompanied by the standard campaign smile in a juxtaposition that made that smile seem counterfeit.

A little later Carter entered a period of presumptuousness, when the sense emanating from his intimates and from the candidate himself was that their man was all but installed in the Oval Office, a bit too sure a thing. That Carter himself shared this view is seemingly indicated by the quickly quashed public talk about pre-inauguration transition funds. Columnists wrote that the anti-Washington candidate seemed almost to be running as an incumbent. Commentators began to sense a growing case of Deweyitis, and Carter perceptibly began to heed their warnings. But one convention week event indicates that the aura of presumption may have merely been driven underground. Speaking to the largely uncommitted New Jersey delegation, Carter noted that never before had a nonincumbent been so assured of nomination, then describing an obligation that might have been more modestly and properly phrased in the future tense, he said, "It is my responsibility as President. . . ."

Jimmy Carter has begun to wear somewhat badly, and that is why the talk of pollsters at the Republican National Committee today is that whoever wins the GOP nomination, one element of the party's essential general election game plan is already set in stone: they will run Jimmy Carter against Jimmy Carter.

Other gleanings from Madison Square Garden point in different, more positive directions. It is clear, for example, that Carter and his staff recognize some of the problems they will face in the fall. Carter consistently ran six to eight points behind his own polls in the primaries. In Michigan, his staff watched a 25-point lead over Mo Udall vanish to nothing when

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Carter suspended personal campaigning to confront Jerry Brown in Maryland. They recognized that where they could not run a balanced campaign, where one element—media organization or Carter himself—was in short supply, they were vulnerable. They are sensitive to the weaknesses in Carter's image and to his vulnerability with various parts of the Democratic electorate—so sensitive that pollster Pat Caddell, disinclined to give away tips for the general election, will not discuss those weaknesses on or off the record. "In 1972, Nixon made George McGovern the issue," says one Carter campaign leader. "Well, that sort of thing began to happen to us in the late primaries and it will surely happen in the general election. Jimmy Carter will be the issue and we have to plan in those terms."

Aware of the likelihood that the race will grow still tighter, Carter himself spent convention week reminding listeners that the upcoming campaign will be tough, that his lead in the polls will indeed begin to narrow once the GOP convention has settled its business. And that is why Jimmy Carter's convention was scripted to be placid to the point of ennui. Carter strategists considered the convention to be the first time the public would actually see this man in action and they were concerned about the image he conveyed and the impression left by the delegates. Harmony, dignity, peace were the orders of the day.

That is what they planned for, and that, by and large, is what they got. One of the most important functions of a nominating convention—the bestowal of legitimacy on the nominee—was properly carried off. Unlike McGovern in 1972, unlike Humphrey in 1968, Jimmy Carter's nomination is regarded as rightful. There is no element of the Democratic party that seriously questions that he is entitled to head the ticket, and that obviously includes liberals whose ideology he does not share, but whose rules provided him the means to win the nomination.

There is another major difference between now and 1972. Other Democrats standing for election around the country this year hold Carter in a different light than they did George McGovern. The mood among those who must occupy lower spots on the Carter ticket is optimistic, unlike four years ago when the mood was panicky. "Their frame of reference is the McGovern experience," says Robert Healy, a consultant to the nonunion liberal Labor Coalition Clearinghouse; "this time there will be no efforts to obtain a divorce from the top of the ticket, and no chance that a first term congressman in a marginal district will have to worry about his opponent branding him a Carterite."

Jimmy Carter's ascension has been sealed by a convention that was the theatrical equivalent of zero-based budgeting. The idea was to risk as little as possible, but the event was also managed in a manner that maximized odds that when the final gavel fell, the convention would adjourn, not disintegrate. That's the way it was intended, and that's the way it happened. Whatever his problems, it's not a bad beginning for the Carter-Mondale fall campaign.

The Ascendant Pentagon

Freezing Out the CIA

by Tad Szulc

The Pentagon is emerging as the principal force in the management of US foreign intelligence, gradually displacing the Central Intelligence Agency from its traditional preeminent position, as a result of the implementation of President Ford's plan to reorganize the intelligence community. This little-noticed power shift may, in the opinion of numerous specialists, have an adverse effect on the quality of US intelligence.

Under Ford's reorganization, based on the Presidential Executive Order of February 18, the Director of the CIA (currently George Bush) remains in name the chief intelligence adviser to the President. The law provides that the CIA director act simultaneously as Director of Central Intelligence (DCI), heading the entire civilian and military intelligence community. In practice, however, there are growing indications that Bush, as DCI, is being forced to share his authority with the Pentagon's top intelligence official, the new Deputy Secretary of Defense, Robert Ellsworth.

In part this is so because Ford, wishing to centralize the control of intelligence in the President's office and the National Security Council after all the abuses of the

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past, has effectively diminished the DCI's influence in the allocation of resources to the various arms of the intelligence community. It is the power of the purse that counts in operational policy-making, and the Pentagon—running the huge National Security Agency (NSA) and the Defense Intelligence Agency (DIA) among other military intelligence operations—holds the lion's share of the total multibillion-dollar intelligence budget.

The other reason is that the Defense Department, interpreting in its own way the presidential Executive Order, has recently streamlined, expanded and strengthened its intelligence apparatus in a way that many intelligence community officials see as an "end run" by the military, designed ultimately to lessen the CIA's position in policy-making and its impact on the elaboration of fundamental intelligence estimates. New lines of authority were drawn in a manner likely to reduce the DCI's direct control over such agencies as the NSA and the DIA. The Pentagon's internal intelligence reorganization was completed on July 6, when a new organizational chart was circulated internally; there was no publicity about it.

In the developing controversy over Ford's reorganization plan—and, especially, the Pentagon's role in it—at stake is whether civilian control of the US intelligence process, as represented by the CIA, can be maintained or supplanted in practice by the military viewpoint. The picture is still quite blurred; the new system is not yet fully understood in the intelligence community, and it is too early to offer final conclusions.

Aside from the CIA's monumental wrongdoing in the past—in covert operations abroad and illegal domestic intelligence activities—the agency has a superior track record to the military in analyzing and interpreting foreign intelligence. US foreign policy decisions are often based on intelligence assessments.

To take two major recent examples, the CIA was basically right and the military agencies wrong in the 1969 controversy over the timing of Soviet MIRVing of its missiles; likewise the CIA estimates during the Vietnam war, both about conditions in South Vietnam and the impact of US bombings of North Vietnam, were more realistic than the DIA's gung-ho judgments. Unfortunately neither Johnson nor Nixon listened to the CIA. During the preparations for the 1970 Cambodian invasion, the CIA was hardly consulted (though Richard Helms, then CIA director, made an ambiguous presentation at the crucial National Security Council meeting) and the intelligence community as a whole was not asked to prepare a National Intelligence Estimate on the subject. Instead, Nixon and Henry Kissinger depended entirely on the opinions of the DIA, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the US command in Saigon.

The present concern is that the Pentagon's ascendency in the intelligence process may tend to further shut out the CIA's analytical voice and to complicate, rather than improve, the method of allocating money for intelligence.

Ironically, Ford started out intending to reinforce the DCI's position, which had become considerably eroded when Allen W. Dulles left the agency in 1962. He was the last strong CIA Director. On the one hand, the growth of intelligence technology, such as the use of "spy-in-the-sky" satellites for observation over the Soviet Union, China and elsewhere, inevitably threw more resources—and influence—to the Pentagon and its specialized agencies like the NSA and the National Reconnaissance Office (NRO) although the CIA retained an intelligence coordinating role. At the same time the DCI's working relationship with the rest of the intelligence community was rather ill-defined although, theoretically, he headed it. Personality problems aggravated things. (Helms, for example, had virtually no access to Nixon in the last years.) What existed, then, was a collection of intelligence fiefdoms, all autonomous in such matters as drawing up their secret budgets for congressional authorization. For the most part, Congress did not know what it was approving because requested intelligence funds were concealed in other budgetary line items. As a power vacuum developed in the intelligence community, Henry Kissinger moved in 1970 to become the *de facto* boss of US intelligence.

Nixon tried in 1971 to strengthen the DCI through an executive order issued on November 5 (it was drafted by James R. Schlesinger who later became CIA director and Defense Secretary). This order vested in the DCI the power to present a consolidated budget for the whole intelligence community. Reviewing the CIA's history this year, the Senate Intelligence Committee applauded this move on the grounds that a strong DCI was essential for the community's work. However, Helms, when he held the job of DCI, failed to carry out his mandate. The Intelligence Community, already in disarray because of the emerging scandals, has been drifting ever since.

Ford's executive order last February abandoned the 1971 concept to divide the budget-making responsibility among Bush as DCI, Ellsworth as the Pentagon's delegate, and William Hyland, the deputy to the White House Assistant for National Security Affairs. Bush was described as the top "manager" of this new group known as the Committee on Foreign Intelligence, but because Ford did not want an intelligence "czar," Ellsworth and Hyland can appeal Bush's decisions directly to the President.

Besides its resource allocation responsibility, this three-man panel acts as the steering committee for the intelligence community, replacing the former United States Intelligence Board, which was headed by the DCI and on which all the agencies were represented. Despite the language in Ford's Executive Order, many intelligence officials see Bush as simply *primus inter pares*,

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with the Pentagon's Ellsworth sharing equally in the committee's responsibilities. This is one aspect of the Pentagon's upgraded role in the management of intelligence.

Below the Committee on Foreign Intelligence, a larger body was set up under Bush for operational coordination. This is the National Foreign Intelligence Board on which all the intelligence agencies are represented. But it lacks the policy powers of the old US Intelligence Board.

Bush, of course, is helped by his easy access to Ford, but the next DCI may not have the same relationship with the next President, and this is where the new system may be damaging to the CIA and advantageous to the military now that a new institutional structure has been built. The Pentagon also has direct access to the President through the Secretary of Defense, personally and through his membership in the National Security Council. The DCI is not a statutory NSC member.

The Pentagon began restructuring itself for its new intelligence role last May when Defense Secretary Rumsfeld issued new directives. Accordingly, Ellsworth was named to the post of a second Deputy Secretary of Defense (William Clements is the other deputy) with intelligence as his principal responsibility. This changed the command structure in the military intelligence community. Until then, Pentagon intelligence was coordinated on a daily basis by the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Intelligence, a lower post than Ellsworth's current deputyship. Formerly, NSA and DIA directors reported directly to the Defense Secretary although the DIA also responded to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Rumsfeld and Ellsworth have devised new lines of authority.

In expanding the military intelligence system, Ellsworth, as the Pentagon's top intelligence manager, created the new post of Director of Defense Intelligence to be held concurrently by the Assistant Secretary of Defense for Intelligence (this spot has not yet been permanently filled). The Director of the DIA (Gen. Samuel C. Wilson) now reports to Rumsfeld through Ellsworth and through the new Director of Defense Intelligence (Thomas K. Lattimer is the acting director in his capacity as Acting Assistant Secretary for Intelligence). Also created was the Defense Intelligence Board headed by Ellsworth. The board has three specialized subordinate bodies.

More significantly, the Director of the huge National Security Agency henceforth reports to Rumsfeld through Ellsworth and the new Director of Defense Intelligence rather than directly. So does the Director of Air Force Special Programs, which runs the spy satellite operations. The Defense Intelligence Agency has been streamlined and apparently enjoys less autonomy.

The Pentagon takes the position that the reorganization, which has proceeded virtually unnoticed since May, serves the purpose of centralizing and, therefore, improving the quality of the Defense Department's intelligence output. In a sense, that's true. Ellsworth's elevation and the creation of the post of Director of Defense Intelligence, however, are also having the effect of isolating military intelligence agencies from George Bush's direct control in his DCI capacity, according to many intelligence officials. In the crucial case of the NSA, for example, Bush has to deal with it on policy matters through Ellsworth, his colleague on the Committee on Foreign Intelligence, and through the Director of Defense Intelligence. On operational matters, Bush can deal with the NSA through the CIA's Intelligence Community Staff which is headed by Vice Adm. Daniel Murphy. But the DCI no longer has direct policy access to NSA's Director Gen. Lew Allen. In other words, a series of filters have been established between Bush and the military agencies.

A senior intelligence official, who believes that the new Pentagon system is more rational and efficient, recognizes nevertheless that it poses a serious threat to civilian management of the intelligence community. "Basically, it will depend on the people involved to see what the reorganization does to the intelligence community," he says.

Bush is believed to be satisfied with the existing state of affairs, but that's because he and Ellsworth enjoy an excellent working relationship. As another intelligence official remarks, "today it works because Bush and Ellsworth are reasonable people. But things could get out of hand if there's someone else in Ellsworth's place. There are built-in problems in this whole new system—and all this may well play to the advantage of the military who've always wanted to dominate intelligence."

The contradictions in the Ford reorganization plan include the fact that the DCI—Bush—has been spared the responsibility for running the CIA on a day-to-day basis because of the appointment of a new CIA Deputy Director, E. Henry Knoche, who enjoys unprecedented authority. The idea was that the DCI should have the freedom to run the overall intelligence community. Yet, at the same time, he has been weakened in the central area, the budgetary power held by the Committee on Foreign Intelligence.

In addition to Knoche, a veteran of 23 years in intelligence analysis (this is the first time that neither of the CIA's two top jobs are filled by officials from the clandestine services), Bush has named a new high-level team of men highly regarded in the profession. The new Deputy Director for Operations (clandestine services) is William Wells. The Deputy Director for Intelligence is Sayre Stevens, a specialist in science and technology. So, the CIA appears to be improving professionally; the agency's big problem in the future, however, is the rise of the Pentagon as the increasingly powerful voice in US intelligence.

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The Martin Luther King Memorial Ripoff

by Mary Perot Nichols

Picture for a moment a Greek chariot driven by Master Builder Edward J. Logue. The chariot is pulled by 10,000 hardhats, and Logue, with one hand on the reins and one holding a whip, is spurring them on. Behind him in the chariot is banker George Woods (former head of the World Bank and of the First Boston Corporation), dressed like an old-fashioned medicine salesman. From a large bag labeled two billion dollars, Woods is peddling to the outstretched hands of bankers, insurance company executives and millionaires along the way—UDC bonds. Up in heaven the Zeus-like visages of Nelson and David Rockefeller smile down on this scene as the chariot and workers rush back and forth across the New York landscape spewing out housing projects.

David Rockefeller is saying, "Imagine! All this at four to one! Four dollars of private money to only one dollar of public!" Brother Nelson is even more exuberant. He's saying, "It won't cost the taxpayers a cent!" In the background is State Comptroller Arthur Levitt, dressed like Cassandra, with his hands clapped to his head in horror. "It will, it will cost the taxpayers money," he is crying as the chariot leaves him behind in a cloud of dust. With one foot, Logue, the chariot driver, is kicking out of the chariot two UDC fiscal officers who are crying "Stop! Stop!"

In the last issue of this journal, I wrote about how Nelson Rockefeller cynically founded the single most powerful government authority in the country, the New York State Urban Development Corporation, in the name of Martin Luther King and the ghetto residents who rioted the night of his assassination. As it turned out, this segment of the population, the alleged beneficiaries of UDC, had nothing to gain from the two billion dollar-plus housing program. I also wrote about how David Rockefeller dreamed up the idea and the slogan "four to one" and how his brother reduced the one to "not a cent."

On this foundation of unkeepable promises, Nelson Rockefeller constructed a house of cards, the UDC. A Moreland Act Commission report released at the end of May shows that the UDC structure was fatally flawed from the beginning. Among the flaws were the people Rockefeller appointed to run the agency. There was not only ineptitude, but no incentive among the board and top level of UDC to conduct themselves prudently with public funds and public credit.

As chief executive officer of UDC, Rockefeller first sought to appoint George Woods, a director and former chairman of the First Boston Corporation, an investment banking firm closely allied with the Rockefeller family banking interests. Woods had also been a former president of the World Bank, long regarded as a Rockefeller satrapy. Woods told the Moreland Commission that he was totally unqualified, having had no experience in real estate development and financing. Wisely, Woods refused this appointment.

Rockefeller then persuaded Woods to take the job as chairman of the board of UDC, a job where he was expected to compensate for the lack of business skills of Edward J. Logue, the man who did become chief executive officer. (Logue's indifference to costs was well known in the architectural community and the November 1969 *Architectural Forum* said of him: "Logue has always prided himself in being sensitive to design consideration and that somehow, some way, cost problems can be resolved.")

Most important for Rockefeller, however, was Woods' status in the investment community. He was needed to strike confidence into the hearts of the big investors in tax-exempt bonds. But Woods told Rockefeller he would only take the chairmanship if First Boston could be the senior managing underwriter for UDC's bond issues. Lest a legal conflict of interest question should arise because of Woods' dual directorships on UDC and First Boston, Woods obtained a secret letter from State Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, a close Rockefeller ally, saying he was in the clear so long as he didn't vote on matters affecting or involving the business of First Boston at board meetings. Such issues as the size of bond issues, for example.

I learned of the Lefkowitz letter from a Moreland Commission employee. When I visited commission offices to try to obtain it, the Moreland Commission press secretary tried to claim it wasn't a public document. Only by threatening to sit in the offices until I got it, did I get the letter. Woods may have been especially sensitive about conflict of interest charges because he had been involved in a major conflict-of-interest scandal in 1953 known as Dixon-Yates. Congressional Democrats had accused him then of planting one of First Boston's men in the federal Budget Bureau to swing an Atomic Energy Commission power

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Mary Perot Nichols is a former senior editor of the *Village Voice*. This is the second of two articles.

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contract to the Dixon-Yates private utility company, in which First Boston was interested. The scandal followed Woods into the '60s when congressional liberals opposed his appointment by President Kennedy as administrator of foreign aid. Kennedy was forced to withdraw his name as a result of the protests.

Whatever the legal niceties, Woods *was* the man who advised the UDC board on the size of bond issues, what kind of bonds to use, etc. In such matters other members of the UDC board told the Moreland Commission they were not expert, and depended on Woods' judgment.

Why did Nelson Rockefeller want Woods so badly for one of those two spots at UDC's helm regardless of his qualifications? Could it be that his chief asset was that he could look after the Rockefeller family banking interests?

Logue's loyalty to Rockefeller was ensured by close to $200,000 in loans and gifts from the governor's own pocket. During the vice presidential confirmation hearings of Nelson Rockefeller, Rep. Elizabeth Holtzman detected an interesting pattern among the recipients of Rockefeller's largesse. They were not the state officials associated with people-oriented services like health or prisons. All the recipients of Rockefeller generosity were associated with construction or transportation, activities in which Rockefeller family money was invested.

Woods succeeded brilliantly in establishing credit for UDC bonds. The first issue, a whopping $250 million, sold like hotcakes. Logue explained the demand at Rockefeller's confirmation hearings: "Inside New York there is a special incentive to buy the UDC bonds because . . . we have a rather high state income tax and on top of that we have a not insignificant income tax. So the tax benefits to a high bracket taxpayer who is taxable in New York State made it very advantageous to buy this stuff."

Logue could have added that even larger quantities of tax exempt bonds are bought by large institutions like insurance companies and the Chase Manhattan Bank for tax avoidance reasons. Philip Stern pointed out that as of 1970, Chase Manhattan Bank held $1.6 billion of tax-free bonds, giving the bank an approximate annual tax saving of $38 million. For such institutions, the more tax-exempt bonds around, the better.

It should be noted that four out of seven of UDC's lead underwriters were Rockefeller-family-connected. The four are: First Boston Corporation, First National City Bank, Morgan Guaranty Trust Company and Chase Manhattan Bank, all of which are allied to the Rockefeller family group according to James Knowles, author of *The Rockefeller Financial Group*. These banks not only decide how much of the bonds they want to keep for themselves, but they get a commission for selling the bonds. Asked how much the underwriting banks made from peddling bonds, Orville Schell told me that the commission staff had started to calculate this but had stopped. He didn't explain why but he showed clearly where he stood by adding, "We'd just as soon they made money."

A report by State Comptroller Arthur Levitt shows, however, that the underwriters of the first big UDC $250 million bond issue collected $3,892,000 as commission. (Since UDC eventually received two billion dolllars in bonding authority the total commission would come to approximately $15.5 million.) It seems clear that there was no particular reason, until the market later became glutted with New York State paper, for these banks not to churn out as many bonds as possible. Indeed it was in their interest to do so. There is not one scintilla of evidence in the Moreland Commission hearings that George Woods regarded his position on the UDC board as a public trust. When asked by the Moreland Commission as the UDC overexpanded its building program, requiring ever more bonds, why he didn't try to slow things down, Woods said he hadn't been appointed "to go around with a watering can to pour cold water on the management's activities."

As early as 1971 UDC's financial officers were warning that construction was proceeding too fast and that UDC might not be capable of borrowing sufficient funds to cover it. In December 1971, Robert Moss, the financial officer of that time, wrote Logue recommending that he "seek a reliable judgment as soon as possible as to UDC's effective borrowing capabilities for 1972 and 1973, before committing beyond the point of return in 1972 construciton starts."

Logue brushed Moss off, writing "I do not believe there is any evidence to support your conclusion and I do not propose to go looking for any. We are going to build as much as we can. The need is here now." Logue concluded the note by telling Moss, in effect, to mind his own business.

The board of UDC, appointed by Rockefeller, was as useless as Woods in controlling Logue. The board, according to Alton G. Marshall, Rockefeller's former secretary and later a UDC board member, had no expert knowledge and expected Woods to keep a tight rein on the business management of UDC.

Outside UDC, in the governor's office or cabinet, there were no controls on UDC either. T. Norman Hurd, Rockefeller's budget director, indicated to the Moreland Commission that he couldn't have controlled things if he'd tried. Logue called Rockefeller "Nelson," he said, and Hurd only called him "governor." Was this administrative ineptitude on the part of Rockefeller, or did he simply not care what risks were taken and how much money was spent?

There is ample evidence in the Moreland Commission report that Rockefeller did not care. UDC had a *raison d'être*, a secret agenda that had nothing to do with need. In two areas of the state, the commission report pointed out, UDC knew what the housing re-

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One of a series of reports on the first hundred years of the telephone.

Why the cost of telephone service has gone up less than the cost of almost anything else.

In the late 1920's, in a Chicago factory, the history of industrial relations reached a turning point. The plant, the Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company, made telephones and telephone equipment for the Bell System. And in 1927 its managers had a puzzle.

The Hawthorne Works of the Western Electric Company, scene of what one economist called "the most exciting and important study of factory workers ever made."

For more than two years the company had been studying plant lighting and its relation to efficiency. (It was the era of the "efficiency expert" and "scientific management.") Increases in illumination were followed by increases in production, as expected. But decreases in light levels were also followed by increases in production. Two young women even maintained good production under light no brighter than moonlight.

It became clear that light had only a minor effect, and that there were many other variables to be identified. To solve the puzzle, the company undertook a further study, carried on jointly with the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration. The researchers selected a group of six competent, experienced women, explained what they were trying to do, and requested their cooperation. Over a period of twenty-six months, the researchers added rest periods and snacks to the group's work schedule, shortened the work day, and then returned to the original schedule. The group showed an almost unbroken rise in average hourly production and also in total weekly production, even when the week was five hours shorter than at the start. At the end, their production was 30 percent above the beginning level.

The Hawthorne Experiments made it clear that the "scientific management" theory of the day relied too heavily on methods borrowed from the physical sciences. Two major conclusions are widely accepted now, but then their application to factory work was new:

People work better when they feel they are part of a team.

People work better when they feel what they are doing is important.

Today most businesses are aware of "group dynamics" and "job enrichment." But the lessons of Hawthorne have shaped

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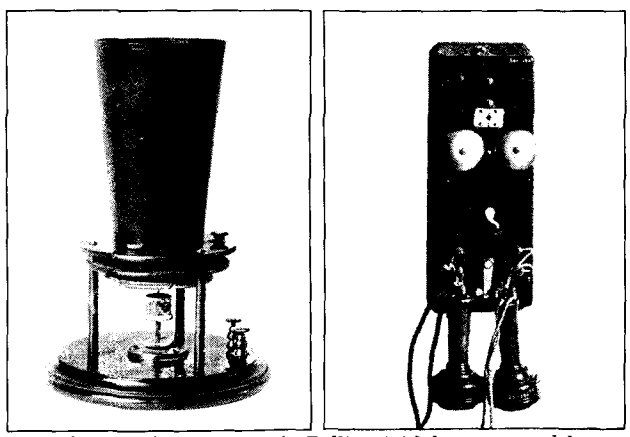
policy for many years, not just in Western Electric factories but in all parts of the Bell System. And the Bell System is still a leader in the exploration of factors affecting industrial productivity.

The prices of most telephone equipment made by Western Electric currently average 20 percent below the prices of other suppliers. Why?

New products for the Bell System are usually designed at Bell Laboratories, the research and development arm of the System. Bell Labs also sets quality standards. But at an early stage manufacturing engineers from Western Electric sit down with the designers and look for ways to save. All companies know that's the best time to cut costs; in the Bell System, that knowledge guides practice. The search for reduced costs continues after production begins. Every aspect of manufacturing is under constant reexamination. Western Electric's engineering cost reductions alone totaled $198 million in first-year savings in 1975.



An early improvement in Bell's 1876 laboratory model phone was the addition of a bell.

Yet none of these achievements would take place unless the people involved were convinced that it is important to produce good telephones at low cost. Phillip S. Babb of McKinsey and Co., management consultants, made this analysis in an interview published in the journal *International Management:*

> Western Electric has succeeded in making cost-cutting a central part of the ethos, the value system, by which their people live. Driving costs down—with retained high quality—is what they spend their working lives at. It is what they take their pride in. It is their way to the corporate top.

To put it another way, the business of the Bell System is providing good telephone service at reasonable cost; Western Electric's activities are directed toward that service goal, rather than toward simply making products.

That service goal characterizes all parts of the Bell System, including the twenty-three regional operating companies and the Long Lines Department. All the parts work closely together to achieve that goal, and all benefit as a result. The operating companies provide telephone service and report, through AT&T, to Bell Labs and Western Electric their needs and the needs of telephone users. Bell Labs and Western Electric design and manufacture equipment to meet known needs as well as the best estimates of expected needs. And the local companies are assured of having the products customers want. To use the vocabulary of the economist, vertical integration with organizational feedback enhances productivity throughout the Bell System.

Touche, Ross & Co., acting as consultants for the staff of the Federal Communications Commission, made a study of how this corporate structure affects costs for telephone service. According to their report, written in 1974:

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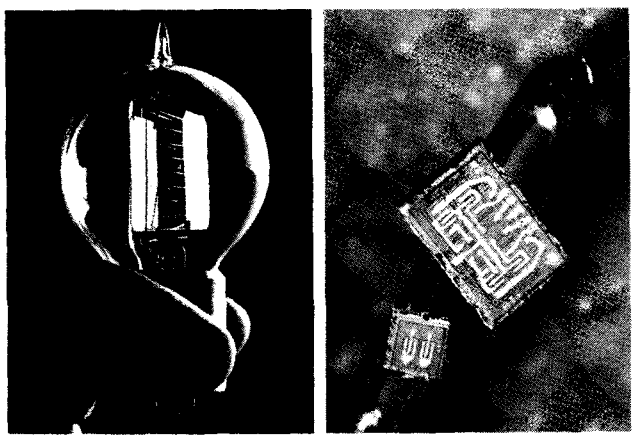
Western Electric's efficient performance has resulted in lower costs than otherwise would have been incurred. Because of Western's pricing policies and practices, these lower costs have not increased profits, but have been passed on to operating companies in the form of lower



Western Electric's first commercially successful vacuum tube (left) was used in 1915 in the amplifiers that made possible the first transcontinental telephone call. Solid-state electronics, begun at Bell Labs, makes it possible for tiny integrated circuits (right) to do the work of many vacuum tubes.

prices....The effect of the interrelationship between Bell and Western Electric is to operate Western, not as a manufacturing concern, but as an integral part of a vertically integrated communications firm. These interrelationships result in a favorable impact upon Western's costs, prices and service to operating companies.

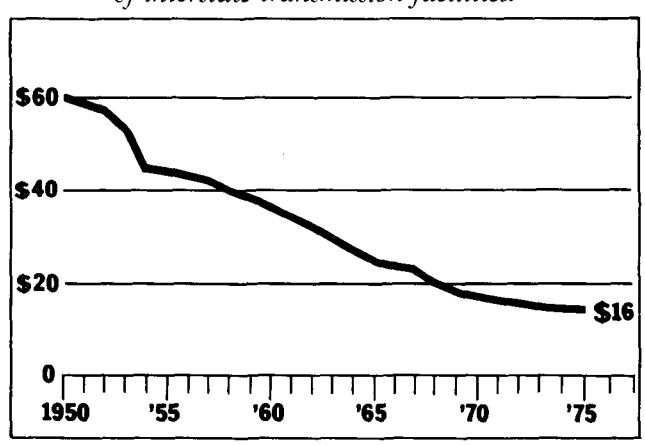
Another major factor affecting productivity is investment in new technology—in research and development. Bell Laboratories is recognized worldwide as one of the leading development and research institutions anywhere. The achievements of Bell Labs people have won two Nobel prizes, one for the demonstration of the wave nature of matter, and the other for the invention of the transistor.

The search for new and better technology has always been a part of the telephone industry. On March 10, 1876, Alexander Graham Bell and Thomas A. Watson achieved that famous first telephone message, "Mr. Watson, come here. I want to see you." At once they began to improve the instrument, and make it more usable. The goal, then as now, was to provide good telephone service at a price almost every American could afford.

The effect of research and engineering on costs can be seen most readily by considering how it has changed methods of transmitting calls. Bell Labs scientists found ways to send many conversations simultaneously through a pair of wires, and later through coaxial cables. They incorporated microwave radio into transmission systems for long distance calls.

In just the last quarter century, such improvements have reduced the average cost per circuit mile of the Bell System nationwide long distance network from $60 to $16. (See graph.) The cost of the newest coaxial cable system is less than $2 per circuit mile.

Average cost per circuit mile of interstate transmission facilities.



But Bell engineers are not satisfied. Already they are preparing the technology for even greater economies and capacities when call volumes reach a level to justify using it. The new Comstar domestic satellite—being used jointly by the Bell System and GTE Satellite Corporation—in addition to standard communications traffic will

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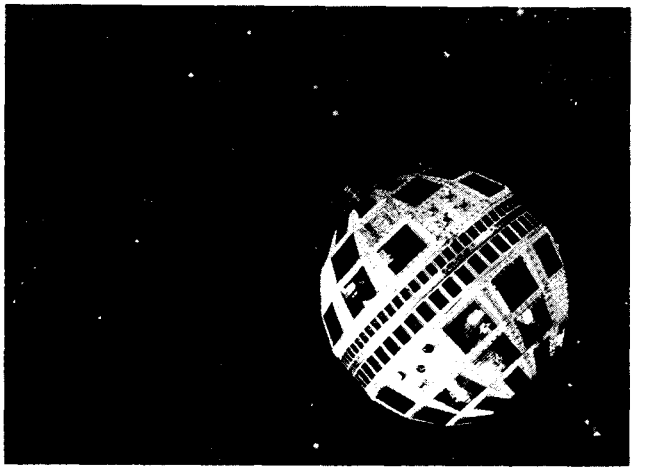
beam experimental signals to an extraordinarily precise antenna so that Bell Laboratories scientists can investigate super-high frequencies that could provide increased satellite capacity in the future. And new systems, using millimeter waveguides or laser light and glass fibers, are expected to reduce transmission costs and add new capacity also.

Another simple way to measure how technology improves productivity is to look at the number of Bell System people required to serve each 10,000 telephones. In 1925 it took 246. In 1958 it took 148. Today it takes 65.

Finally, the Bell System seeks to improve productivity by improving the methods used to manage the telephone business. For instance, the teamwork of Western Electric and Bell Labs people was cited earlier. To facilitate their interaction, some Bell Labs people work adjacent to Western Electric plants. A significant reduction has resulted in the time required to get a new design from drawing board to actual production.

The Bell System is placing greater emphasis on computerized information retrieval for the mountain of data connected with serving 118.5 million telephones. It is moving toward a standardized format for recording and storing data, to make more efficient use of computers.

The Bell System is placing greater emphasis on new methods of employee training, on the restructuring of jobs, and on



The Bell Systems's Telstar® satellite demonstrated the feasibility of using space satellites for communications.

efforts to build more responsibility, challenge and satisfaction into jobs at all levels. Experience to date indicates that these changes help people do a better job, reduce employee turnover, and consequently improve productivity as well.

That is exactly the result one would expect, on the basis of the 1927 Hawthorne findings. The Bell System has changed a lot since 1927. But it still emphasizes people, research, manufacturing efficiency and an organizational structure that fosters teamwork.

Data issued by the federal Bureau of Labor Statistics show that overall the productivity of the telephone industry has increased 50% since 1965. That is two-and-a-half times the productivity increase of the United States economy as a whole.

In that same decade, the cost of living rose 75%. Telephone rates for local service went up only 40%. And interstate long distance rates went up about 4%. Now 95% of all American homes have telephones.

One Bell System. It works.

Bell System

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quirements were as a result of participating in studies of such needs. Yet, "In neither case," said the report, "did UDC's eventual housing starts conform to the relative needs of the counties as found in the studies. Both examples reflect situations in which the needs of a region were known but were not heeded."

On January 9, 1973, UDC was hit with a bomb. The Nixon administration announced a moratorium on subsidy payments under Section 236 of the National Housing Act, a program begun in 1968 just as UDC was gearing up. Ninety percent of UDC's 30,759 housing units, most of which were under construction, depended on those funds. As a result of a much vaunted full-speed ahead, mode of operation known as "fast-track" construction, UDC had had 58 projects underway without having gotten formal federal commitments. UDC would have collapsed had Rockefeller not had enough clout to get to John Ehrlichman in the White House and persuade him to waive the moratorium on those projects.

The close call, however, did begin to make First Boston Corporation officials nervous enough to think seriously about the risks that were being taken. They ordered a detailed factual evaluation by accountants of each of UDC's projects, which "exposed," according to the Moreland report, "the total disarray in UDC's financial division." Summing up the status of UDC in the first months of 1973, the Moreland Commission says "the moratorium marked the beginning of UDC's visible financial deterioration. The cancer of rapid overexpansion and overcommitment had been spreading internally since UDC's birth."

With Rockefeller still in office, by late March 1973 the accountants, S.D. Leidesdorf & Co., were taking such a dim view of UDC's financial condition that they issued a "disclaimer" for their 1972 report. The underwriters demanded that Logue cap the program; Logue agreed, but behind their backs got Rockefeller to sponsor another half billion dollars of bonding authority, bringing UDC up to two billion dollars.

Despite all the risks now apparent, the underwriters put out another $200 million worth of bonds in June 1973 after being careful (to protect themselves legally) to disclose UDC's defects in the prospectus. The market, at least that segment of it that read the fine print, didn't care about the risks because they relied on the "moral obligation" of the state. For some reason the governor and the state legislature were never informed, according to the Moreland Commission, that for the first time the credit of the state was directly implicated.

It's hard to believe that George Woods didn't inform Rockefeller, but by September 1973 the deteriorating situation in UDC was confirmed publicly, when Moody's downgraded its bonds. The downgrading eliminated from the market many institutions that were limited by law or by internal rule to investing in securities rated A or better.

Shortly thereafter, on December 18, 1973, Nelson Rockefeller resigned as governor to devote himself to national and international affairs. His vehicle at that time was the Commission for Critical Choices, of which George Woods was one of the more distinguished members.

Rockefeller's resignation was another blow to UDC. The Moreland report says, "His long tenure in Albany had created expectations on the part of the financial community, and Malcolm Wilson's succession cast doubt on those expectations." It was thought that Rockefeller would have been able to shape up the state legislature, come the deluge.

In February 1974, Morgan Guaranty left the sinking ship. The credit market closed to UDC in May 1974, and only a series of shape-up meetings conducted by Nelson's brother David during the summer with fellow bankers and public officials kept the whole mess under wraps until after Wilson lost the election.

A plan to ease the UDC's cash crisis by having a more solvent "moral obligation" agency, the Housing Finance Agency, take over $200 million of UDC's mortgages fell through because HFA officials took a close look. The horrors found were recounted by Richard Ravitch, Gov. Carey's new chairman of the UDC board, before the Moreland Commission in November 1975: "The project by project review . . . indicating a rent insufficiency of some six dollars to eight dollars a room in the projects subject to detailed examination. This rent insufficiency results from innumerable causes, chiefly among which are an understatement of maintenance and operating costs, including the salaries and fringe benefits of project employees, an underestimation of fuel and utility costs and a miscalculation of the shelter rent tax payments due to the host municipality."

Ravitch continued with his horror story: "There are distinct impediments to increasing rents to the levels indicated—both social and legal. UDC has represented to the tenants in its projects that it will not increase rents during the initial year of the tenant's occupancy. Moreover, the rent levels required would in many instances bring the rents above the levels approved for the federal section 236 subsidy program adn the section 23 leasing program."

HFA was limited by law to financing projects that were self-sustaining, Ravitch told the commission flatly: "there is no project of UDC which we have examined at this time, whether under construction or in operation, for which this finding can be made."

And so, UDC went hurtling into default in February 1975. With heavy state subsidies the agency will be continued until the build-out is completed. The Moreland Commission recommends then that it be given a decent burial. Thus ends Nelson Rockefeller's legacy to New Yorkers: the Martin Luther King Memorial Ripoff for the Wealthy.

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Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Bull Sitting

Buffalo Bill and the Indians or Sitting Bull's History Lesson (UA). Seven years ago Arthur Kopit's play *Indians* seemed to me a good idea executed insipidly (*TNR*, Nov. 8, 1969). That idea was to use Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show with Sitting Bull as a metaphor for American attitudes toward nonwhites (including, in those days, Vietnamese) and for American ideas toward America itself. But there was not much more to the play than its idea: most of the rest was frantically strained rhetoric.

Still, that idea continues to attract. Robert Altman, the director of *Nashville*, has now made a film "suggested" by Kopit's play, with a script by Alan Rudolph and Altman. When I heard that the picture was coming, I hoped against hope—against experience of Altman's gnomic flashiness in word and image—that he would supply what Kopit had left out: that he would give the good basic metaphor its missing fulfillment. But all that Altman has really done is to scrape away Kopit's jejune attempts at profundity, then used the bare metaphor as a playground for his usual assumptive anti-Americanism and for the cinematic horseplay that, he thinks, endorses it.

Altman is an ideological fashion-monger. He exploits established anti-Establishment modes. He relies on predecessors to stake out and illuminate the ground, then he rides in like a black humor Buffalo Bill expecting the cheers of a hip gallery for his safely satirical derring-do. Sometimes, when he limits his scope severely, as in *M*A*S*H* and *The Long Goodbye*, he can succeed because he has enough wit to satisfy our small expectations. But when he tries to sweep all of national character and destiny into a continental bear hug, he ends up with his hands full of the merely smart aleck. This was true of the portentously multilayered *Nashville*, and in *Buffalo Bill* it's worse: the show-biz metaphor for America is so starved that it turns in on itself and becomes, in great measure, a satire on show biz.

This starvation is made more pronounced by the (unbilled) presence in the cast of E. L. Doctorow as President Cleveland's adviser. If that's *not* Doctorow, he has a Doppelgänger.) Doctorow's novel *Ragtime* was fine, I thought, and still think despite the second-wave counterattacks: an abstract work, a tragic ballet on American history, misread by some as a failed realistic novel. (It can't be read properly, I think, except as a prelude to his truly realistic novel *The Book of Daniel*, which was written earlier but takes place later.) Again I had felt some anticipation about Altman—when it was announced a year ago that he would film *Ragtime*. The book is suited to his temperament, and if it were respected in adaptation, it could supply the grounding of ideology in artistic excellence that Altman sometimes fakes. But just before *Buffalo Bill* opened we read that the producer Dino de Laurentiis had fired Altman as director of *Ragtime* because Altman had refused to cut the present picture. I don't think cutting would necessarily improve *Buffalo Bill*—it's confusing enough as it is—but Doctorow's presence made the news of Altman's dismissal all the more painful. This new picture proves that what Altman has really been looking for all this while is *Ragtime*.

Part of the confusion in *Buffalo Bill* comes from the fact that, as in some other Altman films, about 25 percent of the dialogue is simply incomprehensible. The chief but not sole offender here is Burt Lancaster, as Ned Buntline, the dime novelist who created the Buffalo Bill legend and who wanders through the story, a sententious, flannel-mouthed chorus. And part of the confusion comes from the offhand treatment of the few narrative elements. Altman continues to believe that obliqueness and elision equal depth and a different beauty.

It all takes place in the Western headquarters of the show, somewhere out in the middle of a wilderness. In some way audiences get there, though we are never shown how. Even President Cleveland on his honeymoon trip makes a detour for a special performance. The action centers on the signing of the defeated Sitting Bull for Buffalo Bill's show and the difficulties with the proud, quiet, mystical chief. Around this center, and somewhat more interesting to Altman, is woven a series of running gags—a daft old soldier, a gigantic cowboy, a florid press agent and others. Altman keeps juggling these gags as if this sleight-of-hand somehow validated his sketchy, smugly satirical center.

Paul Newman plays Buffalo Bill, tries hard, but is doomed. Kopit's Bill, although the role was ill-written, was given some self-awareness, some sense of his cruel duplicity that at least provided an imaginative dramatic dimension. The Altman-Rudolph Buffalo Bill is two-dimensional, possibly biographically accurate but dramatically dull. This Bill is just a show-biz sharpie who drinks whiskey out of a schooner, likes buxom opera singers, and is vain about his (false) yellow hair. Just a jackass, and nothing Newman does can make him a satirical epitome, as was evidently hoped, of the American ability to transform harsh experience into emollient entertainment. Altman tries to help cinematically with his usual zooming-in for the spoofingly statuesque or pulling back for the wryly monumental, but his camera and editing tricks once more serve mainly to intervene between us and the film.

John Considine has comic subtlety as Annie Oakley's nervous, enforcedly loving husband who works as her targetholder in her sharpshooting act. Will Sampson, the big Indian of *One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest*, is granitic as Sitting Bull's interpreter. Frank Kaquitts, as Sitting Bull, is the most affecting actor in the picture: a runty silent man who convinces us perfectly of the visions and pride within him. The best scene in the film is the one in which the murdered Sitting Bull appears to

Films Worth Seeing

All the President's Men. How to make a film out of non-filmic material. Anyway it's a *Schadenfreude* treat.

Jackson County Jail. Slick chick plunges suddenly into an underworld. Fast and frightening. Try to ignore the corny satire on American corn.

One Flew over the Cuckoo's Nest. Jack Nicholson fine in a phony social-political allegory set in a mental hospital.

Seven Beauties. Lina Wertmüller's flawed but powerful tragic farce about Italians in WW II.

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Buffalo Bill, saying nothing, not even looking at him, just sitting in one place, then disappearing, standing elsewhere, disappearing. It's the one moment of poetry in a film that assumes it's flying with sardonic poetry all the way but that mostly is fussy and flat.

Veronique or The Summer of My 13th Year (Levitt-Pickman). This French film, written and directed by Claudine Guilemain, is different from what the subtitle might lead you to expect. It's not about an adolescent's first love/sex experiences, as in the sweet and sadly neglected *Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full*. (That girl was about three years older.) Veronique is just old enough to begin appreciating some of the complexities of adult life, not yet in herself but in the adults around her. She spends the summer with her godparents in the (exquisite) Southwest of France, the Basque coast, her first extensive stretch of time with grown-up people (parents aren't *people*); and it comes just when the pathos and powers of adult behavior begin to focus in her mind.

Some flaws: Michel Peyrelon, the godfather, looks too much like a Mafia godfather, a taurine unappealing man. A moment when he masturbates on the beach, thinking he is alone but observed by Veronique, seems the kind of episode that an author uses because he/she knows that it actually happened—never a guarantee of credibility. Veronique's addresses to the camera at the beginning and end are distracting trickery, the sort of gimmick that some directors use to prove they have read theoretical essays about film reality.

But Anne Teysedre and Anouk Ferjak are very engaging as the girl and her godmother. Guilemain has mostly directed unobtrusively, therefore well for this picture's purposes, and has handled discreetly the moment of weakness toward the godchild by the godfather. This film about a summer interlude is a pleasant summer interlude itself.

Contemporary Gimmickry

Contemporary music began, for me, in 1916 with Stravinsky's *Firebird* and *Petrushka*, which I heard when the Diaghilev company performed the Fokine ballets in New York. They presented no difficulty for my ears; nor, in the early '20s, did Stravinsky's *Les Noces* when Stokowski performed it at a League of Composers concert, and *Le Sacre du Printemps* when Monteux performed it with the Boston Symphony. But Stravinsky's *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*, which Stokowski performed with his Philadelphia Orchestra, communicated no expressive sense or mere internal coherence in the sounds my ear found ugly; and this was true of works of other composers that I heard at that time: Schönberg's *Die glückliche Hand* and Varèse's *Hyperprism* among them. Concerning these, I accepted the contention that they would be expressive and attractive only after the repeated hearing required by their new musical language. But Stravinsky's *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*, after the additional hearings of the past 50 years, is as meaningless and ugly for me today as when I first heard it; so are a number of other pieces of his—the Violin Concerto, Duo Concertant, *Movements*—after my repeated hearings of them with Balanchine's choreographies; and so are the Webern pieces I have heard many times with Balanchine's *Episodes*.

In addition to listening I read explanations of this new music in the hope that they would enable me to enjoy it; but what, for example, Gerald Abraham, in his book *This Modern Music*, described in words and pointed out to the eye as the principle of organization in a passage of Schönberg's Five Piano Pieces proved not to be a principle of coherent musical sense in the progression of sounds when I listened to it. And so when Leonard Bernstein, in an *Omnibus* television talk on modern music, discussed and played Schönberg's *Verklärte Nacht* and one of his string quartets, and then asked his audience, "Can you see that this [quartet] had to be the next step after *Verklärte Nacht*?" my own answer was

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not only "No, I cannot see that the atonal sounds of the quartet had to be the next step after the tonal ones of *Verklärte Nacht*," but "For me the justification and value of that quartet are not to be found in any relation to any other piece of music, but are solely in what it communicates as an object experienced by and for itself." I had, that is, by this time reached the conclusion, for my operation as a listener writing for other listeners, that when I wrote about a work of Schönberg's I must report what my ears heard in that work, which I could not and did not claim was *the* truth about it, but had to accept as the truth about it for me.

Writing in *The New Republic* in 1957 about several records of the Fromm Music Foundation's 20th-Century Composers' Series, I referred to a statement by Edmund Wilson about a novelist—that what she wanted other people to know she imparted to them by creating an object, the self-developing organism of a work of prose. And I went on to say:

> *What a composer wants other people to know he too imparts by creating an object, the self-developing organism of a work of musical sound. And the pieces by Kirchner and the others [on the records] demonstrate these composers' ability to put sounds together into objects of size and elaborate organization; but to my ears the pieces are in their various ways unattractive or ugly merely as objects, and do not communicate any understandable musical meaning. Mr. Fromm and the people like him are right in believing in the primary importance of the composer and therefore in . . . commissioning works and sponsoring their performance, publication and recording. But as intelligent people they undoubtedly know . . . that of the hundreds of composers who were encouraged to write in the 18th century by the aristocratic patronage of that period only a bare handful produced music which the world continued and continues to value. And so they probably are not surprised or discouraged by the results of their enlightened support thus far.*

Writing today, after the one-week Celebration of Contemporary Music put on in March by the Fromm Foundation, the Juilliard School and the New York Philharmonic, with a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, I cannot report the agreeable surprise of hearing at last music of quality that justified and rewarded the long support of Fromm and the others. In the objects presented to my ears at the concerts I attended—objects as variously and elaborately contrived as Roger Sessions' Symphony No. 3, Jacob Druckman's *Lamia*, Bruno Maderna's *Quadrivium*, Barbara Kolb's *Trobar Clus*, Elliott Carter's String Quartet No. 3, Charles Wuorinen's *Arabia Felix*, Gunther Schuller's *Gala Music*, Easley Blackwood's Piano Concerto Op. 24 and Peter Maxwell Davies' *Stone Litany: Runes from a House of the Dead* (among others)—I heard extremes of eccentricity and gimmickry, but not a single succession of sounds that to my mind was a statement of understandable musical sense. And I now realize that the people who put on the Celebration were not undiscouraged by their awareness of the lack of value in the music, but instead were fortified by their delusion that they were celebrating what was worthy of celebration.

Some of what the Balanchine eye has seen not only in other dancing than ballet but in other kinds of movement than dance has turned up later in his invention for his own works. Thus, the Diaghilev seasons in London in the '20s gave Balanchine opportunities to see the musical shows and revues playing there, including *Oh, Lady Be Good* and *Funny Face*, which charmed his ear with the Gershwin songs and his eye with the Astaire dancing. The vocabulary, syntax and style of American musical-show dancing that Balanchine got to know then he used, soon after his arrival here in the '30s, in dances for the musical *On Your Toes*, with imaginative freshness and mastery which so impressed Rodgers and Hart that they had him perform the same service for their *Babes in Arms* and *The Boys From Syracuse*. And years later, in his ballet *Who Cares?*, he used 17 of Gershwin's show songs as the score for an elaboration, in his personal ballet language and style, of his amazingly numerous and accurate recollections of not just the various steps of the dancing in the musicals of those years, but the combination of those steps with the movements of the rest of the body that made it the distinctive genre it was.

To this marvelous work Balanchine has now added a three-part spectacular, *Union Jack*, in which—using a score fashioned by Hershy Kay out of traditional music, except for one Handel piece Balanchine used in *The Figure in the Carpet*—he elaborates his recollections of other things he saw during his visits to London: the low-comedy routines and dances of the music halls; the ritual maneuvers of the guards regiments at Buckingham Palace; the Scottish military tattoos and folk dances; the hornpipes of the sailors of the Royal Navy. In Part One, six Scottish guards "regiments" of male dancers in their clan tartans, and one "regiment" of girls in the tartan of the Royal Canadian Air Force, make successive solemnly slow, swaying entrances, coming to a full stop in the center of the stage, then moving to one position after another in the grouping, and eventually making slow exits—after which they return, one or two at a time, for a succession of dances in which the fast, intricate footwork becomes dazzling, and the fun of the dance of the MacLeod regiment is pointed up by Jacques d'Amboise's stunts of joyous virtuosity. Part Two is a brief interlude offering a music-hall comedy act entitled *Costermonger Pas de Deux*, whose high point is the male solo in the comic style Balanchine has retained in his memory all these years, in which Jean-Pierre Bonnefous reveals powers in dance buffoonery that one could not have anticipated. And Part Three brings the sustained fun of the sailors' hornpipes, with outstanding contributions by Peter Martins and Suzanne Farrell.

This is as much as I can say about *Union Jack* after only one performance; and I strongly recommend a reading of Arlene Croce's *New Yorker* article (May 31) about the detail of the piece, which benefits not only from her having seen several performances, but from her having the dancer's eye that I don't have, which perceives things I don't perceive. These include, on occasion, things I am certain are not there to be perceived—as in her description, two years ago, of what made Patricia McBride the Great American Ballerina comparable with Margot Fonteyn and Natalia Makarova, which McBride clearly is not. But such

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occasional aberrations don't alter the fact that Croce is the only one writing regularly for the general public about ballet with an equipment of professional knowledge and an eye that can see, and therefore the only one worth reading for the accurate perceptions and evaluations that are enlightening in themselves and in addition provide correction of other writers' errors. Thus, her detailed appreciation of what Balanchine achieved in *Who Cares?* constituted a valuable correction of Clive Barnes' unperceptive dismissal of it in the *Times*. (Though Rodgers and Hart, who were expert professionals in the genre that Barnes is not, prized the Broadway-style dances Balanchine devised for their musicals in addition to his novel choreographic pieces, Barnes, who had not even seen them, felt able to declare that Balanchine had been an innovator but not "a masterly creator in this field" and that "this is not his medium.") And now Barnes' objection to *Costermonger Pas de Deux* in *Union Jack*—that the cockney music hall he remembered had no dance tradition for Balanchine to use in the number—is corrected, in effect, by Croce's description of the details of costume, action and dance amplifying her statement that "Balanchine, who evidently spent time in the music halls in the days when he was devising revues for Charles Cochran, has given us a character-mime picture of just such an act as he must have seen then."

One of the things that struck the Balanchine eye in this country was the square dance—its formations, and the wheeling into and out of the formations—which he used first in *Western Symphony*, with a Hershy Kay arrangement of American folk tunes, and a few years later in *Square Dance*, this time with engaging music of Vivaldi and Corelli, but also with an actual square-dance caller to call out what the dancers did: "Otherwise," said Balanchine, "it will be only another ballet, with Vivaldi music." And so the elegant movements were accompanied by jingling words like "Now watch her feet go wickety-wack," which, blared out by the loud speakers, obtruded themselves on one's ears and mind to a degree that made it almost impossible to hear the music and see the ballet. The inclusion of the caller was clearly a mistake, which nevertheless Balanchine repeated in his revival of the piece a few years later. But in this year's revival he eliminated the caller and made revisions in the dances that left almost nothing that referred to the title, making the piece after all "only another ballet, with Vivaldi music," which, excellently performed by Kay Mazzo, Bart Cook and the ensemble, one could enjoy undisturbed.

Despite the amount of thought and work required by *Union Jack*, Balanchine managed to make a few additions to other ballets. *Chaconne* now begins with a slow ensemble piece which introduces the Farrell-Martins *pas de deux* that still is, in style, not an introduction to the ballet that follows. In *Emeralds* two additional Fauré pieces are used—one for a *pas de deux* beautifully made for Violette Verdy's style; the other, after what was the lively finale, for a new slow concluding number that removes the dancers from the stage and is anti-climactic in effect. And what was the lively finale of *Divertimento from Le Baiser de la Fée* also is followed now by a new slow concluding number that removes the dancers from the stage—one that is impressive in effect, but dramatic in its implications and therefore inconsistent with the non-dramatic *Divertimento*. Moreover this new dramatic conclusion is not what the Stravinsky music was originally composed for—just as Helgi Tomasson's unusual solo in the *Divertimento* uses music that was composed for the violent *pas de deux* in the original ballet in which the Fairy possesses the Boy. In 1972 I felt that the Stravinsky Festival was an occasion that required Balanchine to revive the great dramatic ballet he created in 1937 for the greatest Stravinsky score after *Le Sacre*; and that Balanchine's decision instead to use a few passages of this dramatic score for a new non-dramatic *pas de deux* was a failure in his obligation to Stravinsky. His use now of additional passages for the new conclusion is, I feel, another such failure.

The quietly and precisely achieved clarity and largeness of Peter Martins' movements made them impressive from the start; but they now have in addition a grandeur that is overwhelming. He is, then, the predestined partner for Suzanne Farrell with her similar quietly achieved clarity and largeness of movement to which has been added a similar grandeur. And their operation together is as great as any that can be seen today. Nor is this the only thing of that kind the New York City Ballet offers: the light-as-air operation, singly and together, of young Judith Fugate and Daniel Duell in *Valse-Fantaisie* deserved the storm of applause it got each time I saw it.

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Books Considered

The Last Kennedy by Robert Sherrill

(Dial; $7.95)

Edward Kennedy And the Camelot Legacy by James MacGregor Burns

(Norton; $11.95)

Senator Ted Kennedy by Theo Lippman, Jr.

(Norton; $9.95)

In the Indian Summer of 1974, the current presidential campaign was already underway. A nobody by the name of Jimmy Carter was already hard at work, but so, too, were Mo Udall and Scoop Jackson and instant drop-outs like Walter Mondale whose now-you-see-it, now-you-don't campaign I covered on a trip through the West and Midwest. Wherever Mondale went, many of the questions were not about him, but about Teddy Kennedy—whether he would seek the Democratic nomination and what effect that would have on the party and the man himself.

The chief concern was Chappaquiddick, an incident that was clearly continuing to trouble the electorate. James MacGregor Burns thinks the press was the culprit there. "Newsmen kept asking about the incident," he writes. "They could not get enough of it." I don't know where Burns was during that congressional campaign, but where I was the questions were coming not from reporters, but from voters—especially the kind of active Democrats you meet at summer lawn parties for congressional candidates. I remember one party in particular. It was late in the evening and the state Democratic chairman walked over to me to chat. He could go for Kennedy, he said, but his wife would kill him. He explained. Chappaquiddick and all that.

If culprits other than Kennedy himself are needed, Robert Sherrill will do just fine. The preceding July, he had written about the Chappaquiddick incident for *The New York Times Magazine*, concluding that when it came to cover-ups, Kennedy had managed to pull off a doozy, once again offering Richard M. Nixon a display of real class. Two months later, the reverberations from the Sherrill piece were still being felt. Kennedy, stumping for Democratic congressional candidates and hinting that '76 would be his year, suddenly found himself in trouble. Chappaquiddick would not go away. Instead, some Democrats were hoping that Kennedy would.

Once again Kennedy repaired to the Cape. Once again calls were made, the beach was walked and Kennedy, for the third time in as many presidential campaigns, took himself out of the race. In his prepared statement, Kennedy did not mention Chappaquiddick, and he denied under questioning that the accident had been a factor in his decision. He cited, instead, family responsibilities, and Lord knows he had a full plate—the children of two slain brothers, a son afflicted with cancer, a mother deep into her dotage, a wife with emotional problems.

But Chappaquiddick had to be a factor. Kennedy and his advisers had found that the issue had the staying power of a marathon winner, that it, moreover, came to represent all the other questions about Kennedy—his cheating in college, his philandering, his drinking, his recklessness whether on skis or in a car or even on the back of a bucking horse. All these doubts came to be called Chappaquiddick. Before, there had been just rumor or cheap shots like references to the college cheating. Now there was a handle, and so this rather prosaic accident turned from tragedy to codeword, possibly doing to Kennedy's presidential ambitions what bullets did to his brothers'. It's still too early to tell, but the ultimate tragedy of Chappaquiddick might be that it has taken Kennedy out of the game forever—or at the very least for the next eight years.

Theo Lippman, and especially Burns, would have no trouble with that assessment. Even Sherrill, who considers Kennedy undistinguished and a liar to boot, finds things to admire in the man. The Senate record, after all, is a good one, and Teddy Kennedy, most of the time, has been a good senator, a champion of the "right" causes—blacks, Chicanos, the working man, the sick, refugees. He has fought the ABM, Nixon's Vietnam policy, ITT and Watergate. In fact, he was one of the first in the Senate to take on Nixon over Watergate, entering into the proverbial pissing contest with a skunk when he had a personal stake himself in the integrity issue. It is not a bad record.

It is this record—and only this record—that concerns Lippman. He calls his book *Senator Ted Kennedy—the Career Behind the Image*, and he means it, adhering to the title with astonishing fidelity. He cares nothing about Kennedy the boozer, Kennedy the womanizer, Kennedy the natural politician, Kennedy the perpetual heir apparent—Kennedy the Kennedy, if you will. The result is a book focused too narrowly.

As a result, sentences fly by that require double-takes. The assassination of Robert Kennedy, for instance, is mentioned like this: "He [Teddy] held one more day's hearings on refugees that year, in May, a month before Robert was assassinated. After the tragedy. . . ." As for Chappaquiddick, it too, gets the Lippman brush-off: "That July, the accident at Chappaquiddick occurred." You can admire Lippman's devotion to theme, particularly his unstated insistence that there is more to Kennedy than the *National Enquirer* is willing to report, but these events were not simple interruptions in Kennedy's Senate schedule, they were events that helped shape him, making him the man and the senator he is today.

The blinders would be understandable if Lippman had tackled Kennedy's Senate career with the sort of zest that Sherrill, for one, brought to the Chappaquiddick incident. But instead, we get a waltz through the record with Lippman telling us little that is fresh or new. In fact, at key points, his reporting goes limp. At the outset, for instance, Lippman relates how Sen. James Eastland allowed Kennedy to manage the administration's immigration bill. Why? Lippman offers some educated guesses, but concludes, ". . . Only Eastland knows." There is no indication that Lippman ever asked Eastland.

Things pick up a bit, but not much, with James MacGregor Burns. Unlike Lippman, he has not limited himself to Kennedy's Senate career. On the contrary, he seems to have not limited himself at all, and the book rambles, beginning with Kennedy's birth and ending virtually with yesterday's newspapers. In between, we get the compleat Kennedy—pretty much as he would like it. We cover the same ground Lippman did, review the Senate record, visit the Senate office, meet some of the nice people who work there, touch upon the boozing and leching and end with a section called the Presidential Prospect—84 pages examining topics

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such as Kennedy's fitness for the presidency.

Suffice it to say that Burns finds Kennedy fit as a fiddle, the perfect one to pull the sword from the rock and bring back Camelot. Burns is a bit infatuated with the Kennedy mystique—the Kennedy legacy, he calls it. He dwells on Camelot, finding a good deal of substance among the tinsel. He is no Kennedy revisionist, to say the least, but neither is he a Kennedy groupie, as some would have it. If he yearns for a President who can exit a helicopter without bumping his head, who can blame him?

Burns devotes a whole chapter to what he calls "a question of character," which is, after all, the central question where Kennedy is concerned. What he says is that Kennedy has the kind of character that counts in a politician—a public morality that is above reproach, regardless of what he does in private. He thinks, for instance, that Kennedy's willingness to stand up to Boston's busing foes is evidence enough of political guts, adherence to principle and, yes, character.

It's an interesting, if not novel, argument, and Burns, like others, reaches to San Clemente to prove his point. "Nixon's private life," he writes, "was evidently impeccable but he corrupted the presidency." One is tempted to say "touché," but with Kennedy there is a difference. His private life is not simply less than impeccable, it is notorious. It is a measure of Kennedy's notoriety that he once had to issue a press release denying he was having an affair with Amanda Burden, a New York socialite, whatever that is.

In fact, it is not what Kennedy does, but the way he goes about doing it, that so troubles his admirers, his colleagues and the press alike. What, people ask, is the man trying to say by his reckless behavior? Is he, for instance, signaling that he does not want the presidency? Or is all this a reflection of a lack of maturity, the fact, for instance, that at an age when other men are still learning how to conduct themselves, Teddy Kennedy was already under press scrutiny. He was but 28, after all, when his brother was elected President, just 30 when he took his own seat in the Senate. Moreover, as Burns makes clear, Kennedy was somewhat the exception among the Kennedy brothers—the last born, coming of age when some of the Kennedy family's vaunted discipline and cohesion had somewhat dissipated. Seventeen years separated the first Kennedy child and Teddy. Rose, not to mention Joe, was older, tired. By the time Teddy came along, Rose says, "I had been telling bedtime stories for 20 years."

Whatever the reason, Kennedy has thrown caution to the wind. Burns quotes colleagues who admit that they would prefer it if Kennedy would learn how to play the game—learn, for instance, what the backstairs are for. His brother Jack knew the rules, as did Roosevelt, and while their affairs were common knowledge in Washington, the rest of the country remained mostly ignorant. With Teddy, this is not the case. He is as notorious in Washington State as he is in Washington, DC. In his case, the distinctions raised by Burns between public life and private life tend to blur. Kennedy cannot have a private life. He can only have secrets.

Nevertheless Burns prefers to give Kennedy the benefit of the doubt. It's an act of charity that Sherrill will have no part of. Neither will he have anything to do with the Kennedy legacy. "As a consumer statement," he writes in the preface to his book, "let me assure you that this product is anything but the definitive study of Edward M. Kennedy's career. For that you should be grateful. A definitive study of Kennedy would be pretty boring."

With that, Sherrill plunges right into his study of the Chappaquiddick accident, racing to get at Kennedy, pausing only to pad his book with a bit of background on the Kennedy family. It's typical Sherrill. Where Burns, for instance, treats Joseph Kennedy, the patriarch, with a certain sociological understanding, Sherrill comes right out and calls him a rogue, a stockmarket manipulator who produced no product—not steel, not rubber, nothing but some grade-B movies and a gaggle of overachieving sons. It's fun to read—an even match: Sherrill *v.* Kennedy. I think the old man would have loved the fight.

Sherrill, though, is mostly concerned with the events surrounding the Chappaquiddick incident, and to that extent the book is an expansion of his *Times* magazine piece. In other words, it's a brilliant and sharply written piece of journalism—an absolute disaster for Kennedy. Sherrill breaks no new ground. Instead, like Izzy Stone with a grudge, he culls the public record to prove that about the only thing we know for sure about Chappaquiddick is that a

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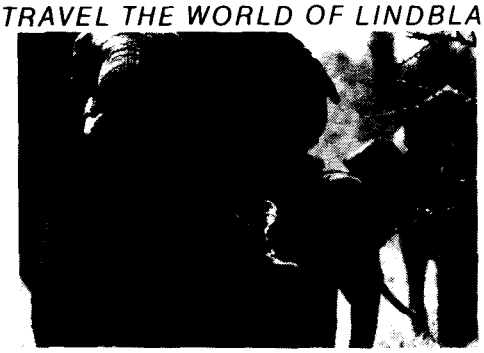

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car went into the drink, there was a woman in it, and Kennedy, by his own admission, was somehow involved.

Sherrill, his indignation at high pitch, mauls Kennedy for 227 tightly written pages, accusing him of lying to both the authorities and the press and directing one hell of a cover-up. But he had help. The investigation of the accident turned into a Keystone Cops caper. From the start, the authorities could do nothing right, straining, it seems, to appear the yokels they were. Things got so bad that even Sherrill throws up his hands in exasperation, not being able to decide, for instance, if District Attorney Edmund Dinis is a conspirator or a jerk. It's a toss-up.

Regardless, given a choice, Sherrill comes down on the side of conspiracy, sometimes leaving stretch marks on the pages. His most telling finding, though, is unassailable: Justice wore no blindfolds on that island. It saw a Kennedy and made all sorts of exceptions for him. And Kennedy knew how to handle the situation. He dropped a dime into a pay phone and summoned a couple of million dollars of legal talent to Hyannis. He was somehow able, also, to make the entire cookout party disappear—poof, they were gone, not to reassemble until the inquest months later.

Still, what this is all about is an automobile accident. If you discount the theory that Mary Jo Kopechne spent her last hours in an air pocket waiting for Kennedy to rescue her, what we have is an accident—a tragedy, to be sure, but the sort of thing that fills whole file rooms in insurance companies. Suppose, for instance, Kennedy took Mary Jo down that road to make love. Suppose he was drunk. Suppose that after the accident he played for time, he thought first of his wife, his children, his career and last about telling the truth immediately. Mary Jo, after all, was dead and telling the truth would not change that. So he hedged and played for time, waiting for a new day, a clear head and some advice. So what?

Sherrill would say everything. Burns nothing. Burns is the great distinguisher between public and private morality. In the first, Kennedy is exemplary; in the second deficient. If fidelity vows were a requirement for public office, the Senate couldn't get a quorum. There is something to this.

But that is because for Burns there is yet another, more important consideration—Kennedy the public servant. He believes in the uniqueness of the man whereas Sherrill does not. Sherrill thinks that Kennedy is just another politician, maybe the best of the Kennedys, but that, he says, "isn't saying much." He, too, believes in a Camelot of sorts. But to him it's the Bay of Pigs, a saber-rattling foreign policy, a spineless civil rights policy and the first, tentative steps into the Vietnam quagmire. Even the real Camelot, he seems to be saying, wasn't a hell of a lot of fun if you happened to be a peasant.

But this won't do, either. Regardless of what you may call it, and regardless of what you may think of it, something existed in Washington in the early 1960s that continues to exercise a hold on the American imagination. One visit to the supermarket magazine rack will convince you of that. You cannot dismiss Ted Kennedy as just another politician. We have gone to too many Kennedy funerals, been too touched, too grieved, seen too many children on their knees saying goodbye to yet another Kennedy. Indeed, part of the anxiety about Kennedy is the fear that nomination would be tantamount to assassination. That would be a tragedy of our own making.

The amazing thing, though, is that none of these books brings us any closer to Teddy than the stereotyped pictures. Three good writers have taken a crack at him and you still come away wanting to know more, knowing that Teddy has once again escaped explanation. Burns does better than Lippman, and Sherrill, because he has a persistent point of view, does best of all. But none of them succeed fully.

All of a sudden, though, it really doesn't matter. Between the time I started to read these books and finally wrote this review, Jimmy Carter eclipsed Kennedy. No longer is there talk of a Kennedy draft or even talk of Kennedy the king-maker who could stop Carter and annoint someone else. Instead, Teddy will simply stay in the Senate. And that, these books suggest, may be the best idea of all.

Richard Cohen

Richard Cohen is a political columnist for *The Washington Post*.

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Mystery Book
Issue

The Education Of A Public Man by Hubert H. Humphrey

(Doubleday; $12.50)

In less than 500 pages Hubert Humphrey gives us two books in one—not a mean feat for the most productive, articulate and energetic liberal on the American political scene for the last three decades.

The first book is a story of the boy who rose from the stark poverty of a depression-ridden, dust-bowl home to the second highest post in the land. The depth of his affection for family, for associates and for friends is continually touching. His compassion for the have-nots, the downtrodden and the needy, at home and everywhere, is always in plain view, possibly best expressed in his vigorous and generally successful struggles for civil rights, employment, education, agriculture and a host of other liberal legislative goals. His love of country is ever present and moving.

The beauty of the first story only makes the other book—the concurrent discussion of the controversial questions in Humphrey's life—all the more disappointing and frustrating. This is simply *not* a book of answers. All one can do is try and look at what, if anything, Humphrey says about some of the questions asked most often concerning his life.

Was Humphrey pointing toward the presidency throughout his entire political career? On this he makes only the most casual statement that "the suggestion that I run for President came from friends and was far from my mind in 1948." He must have forgotten that he sent three ADA contemporaries to Mrs. Roosevelt early in 1948 to ask her whether FDR had been helped toward the presidency by running unsuccessfully for Vice President in 1920 and whether she would advise Humphrey to run with Truman if the opportunity should arise.

Why did Humphrey take so minor a role in the struggle against Joe McCarthy and, indeed, in 1954 sponsor the Communist Control Act to outlaw the Communist party? His only explanation, if it can be called that, is in the notes at the end of the book where he wholly confuses the 1950 effort by a number of liberal senators to provide a less destructive substitute for the McCarran Internal Security Act with his own 1954

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sponsorship of the Communist Control Act because McCarthy's anti-Communist measures were not strong enough for him; indeed, he announced on the Senate floor that the final bill "is not as strong a blow as Hubert Humphrey would like to have struck. . . ." The absence of any documentation, which quite obviously caused this blooper of a mix-up between the events of 1950 and 1954, is all too noticeable throughout the book.

Was the 1960 run for the presidency at least in part a stop-Kennedy move to further a Johnson-Humphrey ticket (a point that Jack Kennedy himself repeatedly made and which divided Humphrey's own 1960 campaign advisers into two acrimonious camps)? The book sheds no light whatever on this question, not even mentioning the secret strategy meeting Humphrey held with Johnson immediately upon his arrival in Los Angeles three days before the 1960 Democratic Convention opened

What did Humphrey really think about the Vietnam war? Here the confusion on the answer comes not from want of discussion in the book, but from Humphrey's widely fluctuating position, no doubt induced at least in part by opposing pressures from a tough presidential boss and a liberal Humphrey constituency outraged by the war. Nor are all the fluctuations recorded. Humphrey told an ADA group in 1966 that he was going to stop being the cheerleader for the war and shortly thereafter called Robert Kennedy's proposal for a Saigon coalition government a case of "a fox in a chicken coop or an arsonist in a fire department." And in April 1967, Humphrey told a group of liberal journalists at an off-the-record dinner that "on balance he favored ending the bombing"; this occurred at a time when his book indicates continuing support for the bombing. Humphrey was, I would wager anything, truthfully expressing his innermost and tortured feelings as they varied from audience to audience and from day to day.

What were Humphrey's feelings about the young people who expatriated themselves rather than fight in Vietnam? Not as sympathetic, it appears, as might have been expected from so compassionate a man. "Some," he writes, "were concerned about themselves primarily, but others were idealists risking loss of citizenship." At any rate, the book is silent on the question of amnesty for either group and Humphrey's public position continues to reject unconditional amnesty in favor of a requirement of alternate service unacceptable to most of the young expatriates.

Does Humphrey hold Johnson's obstruction of a strong anti-Vietnam position or the hostile McCarthy liberals primarily responsible for his 1968

defeat? Without ever making his answer explicit, Humphrey seems to feel that his Salt Lake City speech adequately broke with Johnson's war (most of the antiwar people at whom the speech was aimed did not); and thus, at least by implication, he places a major share of the blame on "a lot of my liberal, former ADA colleagues . . . [who] ran for cover." But the only person in this category whom he names as one who "did not support my candidacy" is the writer of this review. Humphrey's memory failure in this connection is particularly remarkable because of a post-Convention incident on his campaign plane that I rode a number of times as contact with the McCarthy forces. The Humphrey plane arrived in Fort Worth in mid-October and Gov. Connally was more than somewhat chilly to me, quite understandable in view of my efforts as Gene McCarthy's credentials coordinator to have Connally's Texas delegation excluded from the convention for discrimination against blacks and Chicanos. At any rate, before the plane pulled out for its next Texas stop, Humphrey's chief of staff handed me an airplane ticket to Los Angeles to address a meeting of former McCarthy supporters there that night. Suspicious, but not wanting to create a scene that might hurt Humphrey's now accelerating campaign, I went to Los Angeles only to find that there was no such meeting anywhere. Two years later, a Yarborough assistant and a Humphrey advance man both told me Connally had refused to tour Texas on the Humphrey plane if I was aboard and Humphrey had no choice but to accede.

Possibly the question most often asked about Humphrey in Washington is why his staff and associates do not measure up to those of, let's say, the Kennedys, Paul Douglas, Phil Hart and others. Here Humphrey at least acknowledges the criticism. "One of the comments frequently repeated about me," he writes, "is that I always have a lousy staff." Then he purports to answer by saying how successful his staff members are after they leave him, without ever adverting to the fact that their value in business or law stems in good part from their continuing close relationship with him. But mostly he answers by glowing and one-sided accounts of their virtues. Thus, he fails to mention the federal criminal convictions for campaign violations of two very close associates and wholly omits various damaging episodes from his warm account of an even closer associate who had to be shielded by a party-line vote from an appearance before one Senate committee investigating Washington corruption and later had his nomination for a government post withdrawn from the Senate before he could appear before another. Humphrey's defense of staff and associates he considered loyal says more for his warmth and generosity than for his judgment.

Sadly, lots of other questions go unanswered: the Howard Hughes' 1968 cash contribution (if there was one); Humphrey's role in FBI actions at the 1968 Democratic Convention; gifts from foreign states; tax deductions for personal papers. These and other questions have been put forward by William Safire and other columnists as the potential Republican campaign against Humphrey geared up when many thought he might yet get the Democratic presidential nomination. This brings us to the final question whether this book had been written as a 1976 campaign document. That question, too, will have to go unanswered, at least here, for while the timing argues "yes," the failure to deal more adequately and convincingly with serious questions that have been raised points in the opposite direction. So, we come back

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to the first story, the personal one, written by one of the greatest men of our times who did so much for so many. As already indicated, it's worth the price of admission.

Joseph L. Rauh

Joseph L. Rauh is a Washington attorney and one of the founders along with Sen. Humphrey of Americans for Democratic Action.

The Back Of the Book

Love Song from the Bird

Lexicographer—"A writer of dictionaries; a harmless drudge, that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the signification of words." Samuel Johnson ribbed himself gently in this definition. He would have felt less kindly toward the lexicographers of *Six Thousand Words: A Supplement to Webster's Third New International Dictionary* (G & C Merriam Co.; $8.50).

This is an astounding book in its way, an orderly, ordinary-looking dictionary with the familiar paraphernalia of authority of any reference work. Its authority is over our language, to which it adds "words and meanings that have become firmly established in the language largely during the past 15 years." Whatever has been recently said and heard is here; for example, to "get off *vi* 1: to get high on a drug—usu. used with on [get off on heroin] 2: to experience orgasm."

It is not hard to hate *Six Thousand Words*, but it is hard to do so on general principles. After all, what do we have here but an attempt to overhear us accurately, intelligibly, and to preserve our various grunts and whoops in order to grasp the new age? Maybe a sampling would do better than a theory:

dump on *vt*: to speak disparagingly of: bad mouth.

glop *n*: a thick semiliquid food or mixture of foods that is usu. unappetizing in appearance.

sky-lounge *n*: a vehicle that picks up passengers and is then carried by a helicopter between a downtown terminal and an airport.

skin-pop *vt*: to inject [a drug] subcutaneously rather than into a vein.

ice-cream chair *n*: a small armless chair with a circular seat for use at a table.

bird *n* 2: an obscene gesture of contempt made by pointing the middle finger upward while keeping the other fingers down.

finger *n*: bird 2.

Every definition is supported by a quotation as an example of usage. As Johnson cited sources from Milton, Addison, Shakespeare, Dryden, Clarendon, Bacon, Walton, et al., so "skin-pop" is explained: "I started *skin-popping* heroin, and then I started mainlining—*Amazon Quarterly*."

I won't bring up Johnson any more, but I won't get off (see above) my high horse either. Dictionaries are too important to mistreat so casually. We read them or consult them in order to know what to say to each other, and what has been said to us, now or in the past. No works of fiction, philosophy, religion or poetry have quite the same influence.

In 1857 Dean (later Archbishop) Trench read a paper to the British Philological Society on "Some Deficiencies in Existing English Dictionaries." He said:

> *A dictionary, according to that idea of it which seems to me alone capable of being logically maintained, is an inventory of the language . . . It is no task of the maker of it to select the* good *words of the language . . . The business which he has undertaken is to collect and arrange* all *words, whether good or bad, whether they commend themselves to his judgment or otherwise . . . He is an historian of [the language], not a critic.*

This was to counteract the idea of the Accademia della Crusca, founded at the end of the 16th century to purify Italian by producing a *Vocabalario* (1612); and the Académie Française, which published a similarly inspired dictionary in 1694; and particularly you-know-who's dictionary of 1755. Trench's view was the modern view, the democratic one which still prevails, that a standard dictionary is impossible and more than a little silly.

You can believe that, however, without embracing *Six Thousand Words*. If it is impossible to standardize a language, it is equally impossible to record it fully; so every dictionary, no matter how conceived, is a critical work, an edition of experience. The editors of *Six Thousand Words* have selected "bird" and "finger" out of a great many more words uttered in the past 15 years because they evidently feel that "bird" and "finger" are important to us. Their selections imply judgment both of language and ourselves.

They also suggest an underestimation of language that is typical of the times. If we say it wrong, we didn't mean it. Others should sense what we really mean by our sincerity of tone, smiles and trembles. Not only have we come to assume the validity of unspoken language; in fact we often seek it as a first resort, assuming *a priori* that the words we speak are bound to be inadequate to the occasion of our thoughts, thereby treating speech as a sort of colloquial ceremony. Not enough that we don't mean what we say; soon we may deliberately choose not to mean it, because if articulations are to be mistrusted generally, then to mean what you say interferes with other, *real* meanings.

You need a lot of faith in mass intuition to believe that meaning can be carried by things other than language. Conversely you must have little faith in language itself, perhaps even contempt for it. Does such contempt apply solely to words? We could accept wordlessness if necessary; after some practice we could learn to live with a world of images, such as television provides, as long as we believed that we'd lose nothing in the transfer.

The presumption in so doing, however, would be that we wish to continue to be inventive with our messages, that whatever currency of expression is in use, we could still assert our imaginations in and through it, create ideas on the spot, and grow by corresponding. But if this presumption is false, then by losing language or devaluing it, we are not simply shifting to another form of expression, but to a different conception of self. To eulogize someone, for example, as a "warm and beautiful person" is not just to make a fool of the dead, but of the living; language which was to convey feelings becomes instead a weapon against them.

What we're given in *Six Thousand Words*, I believe, is just that—weapons against feelings and against our capacities of expression generally. Words either expand or delimit the concepts they contain; they are not static; either we understand more or less

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after a hearing. Add such words as "a-go-go" ("of, relating to, or being an a-go-go, or the music or dances performed there") to the language, and we understand less, not because the definition given is idiotic, which it is, but because the phenomenon itself is ephemeral and mindless. To sanction it is to sanction the ephemeral and mindless. It's not a matter of democracy, but of taste.

Put "a-go-go" and "bird" in a dictionary of slang where they belong. Put most of these 6000 there. Johnny Mercer knew that certain things are much too much and just too very very to ever be in Webster's dictionary. Now there was a lexicographer.

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence

Coping with Cesar

We received many letters on Joel Solkoff's piece—"Can Cesar Chavez Cope with Success?"—which appeared in the May 22 issue. Unfortunately we could not print them all, but chose the three that follow as representative of the group.

—The Editors

To the editors:

If *The New Republic*'s goal was to bury Cesar, the editors should have chosen Ralph de Toledano instead of Joel Solkoff to write "Can Chavez Cope with Success?" (*TNR*, May 22, '76).

De Toledano is a far superior hatchet man, though admittedly it is a difficult stunt for any writer to prove in one article that Chavez is both a brilliant success and a dismal failure.

Solkoff's piece is so full of errors, dishonest journalism and non sequiturs, it is hard to criticize briefly. But I must protest his wrenching quotes from my book, *Cesar Chavez, Autobiography of La Causa*, and the use of them in totally different contexts to try and make his points.

The myth that the UFW is incapable of representing its members while the Teamsters are experts at enforcing their contracts is a major part of Solkoff's theme.

Solkoff conveniently ignores the election results. A competent and unbiased reporter would assume that the workers—not the employers—are the best judges of which union best represents them. And the election results are available. The UFW has won every election by votes of from 80 to 100 percent at ranches where it held existing contracts. Those 11 ranches represented 3699 workers. By contrast, only one-third of the workers under Teamster contracts have remained Teamsters; 36 percent (11,649 workers) have switched to UFW; the results for 28 percent are still undecided or overturned; and the rest preferred no union to the Teamsters.

Incidentally, Solkoff's repeated claim that Chavez does not deal with administrative problems within his union is sheer fiction. An efficiency expert has been analyzing every department in the union for nearly a year, and his recommendations are being implemented.

Solkoff's claim that workers must report to the UFW hiring hall daily is also fiction. For years, once workers were dispatched to a job, they kept that job until it was completed. More recently the system was streamlined further so that workers with seniority at a ranch need not go to the hiring hall for dispatch even at the start of the season.

I am struck as much by Solkoff's omissions as by his distortions and inaccuracies (of which I have mentioned only a few).

He writes of Chavez living "in a small wood-frame house guarded by an attack dog named Red and surrounded by a chain-link fence." Yet Solkoff never mentions that the US Treasury Department alerted Chavez in 1971 that some Delano area growers had put out a $25,000 contract to have Chavez killed.

In view of that plot (which is extensively described and documented in my book) and other plots, the union finds it necessary to take security precautions. Certainly Martin Luther King's and Jimmy Hoffa's fate suggests it would be naïve not to be careful.

But Solkoff is wrong about the dog. My hobby for years was training and showing German shepherds. I bought and trained Santana's Red Redeemer because of his excellent bloodlines and gave him to the union for breeding purposes. He was not an attack dog. And sad to say, he died of a liver ailment about a year ago.

Chavez does have two older German shepherds, named Boycott and Huelga, that I protection-trained. And any dog trainer will tell you that there is a vast difference between a protection-trained dog and an attack dog. But then accuracy is not the hallmark of the Solkoff article.

Finally, let me turn to Solkoff's conclusions. He says Chavez's goal in life is to win union recognition for farmworkers and, "it is a goal he has already achieved."

That is bunk. Of the more than quarter-million farmworkers in California, less than 40,000 have union contracts. And there are also several million farmworkers across the country still to be organized.

As for Solkoff's claim that "having won union recognition, he [Chavez] does not know quite what to do with it," nothing could be further from the truth.

Indeed, the latest union contracts negotiated by the UFW were far superior in wages and benefits to the best previously negotiated by the Teamsters—despite Solkoff's assertion that the Teamsters "negotiate better contracts."

A fair appraisal of Chavez's achievements would lead any impartial observer to conclude that he has achieved significant successes in his goals to improve the lot of farmworkers.

But the achievements are only the first major steps down a very long and painful road. As Chavez is well aware, there is far more to be done in the future than he has achieved in the past. And he and his union know exactly how to proceed.

Jacques E. Levy
Santa Rosa, California

To the editors:

As an author of the Agricultural Labor Relations Act, and as one who has closely followed the California farm labor scene for many years, I want to take strong exception to Joel Solkoff's article. The piece is littered with untruths, half-truths and discredited grower-Teamster propaganda that most reputable publications choose to ignore.

To cite but a few examples: Solkoff claims Gov. Brown "appointed a [Farm Labor] Board stacked heavily in Chavez's favor." That is patently false and no California newspaper would make such an unqualified statement in its straight news columns. The five-member board originally named by the

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governor last summer included an agribusiness lobbyist, a former Teamster lawyer, a Mexican-American attorney, who had never been involved in UFW activities, a Catholic bishop from Fresno, not considered pro-Chavez, and a top Brown aide who once worked for the UFW. The biased charge was made by the growers and the Teamsters in a vain attempt to counter the UFW's decisive victories in farm labor elections. However, even a casual examination of the record reveals that nearly all of the board's important policy decisions were unanimous, with the grower and former Teamster lawyer concurring in the rulings. The Board issued a lengthy white paper reputing the bias accusations, but that report was ignored by Solkoff.

One of the article's most ludicrous paragraphs describes the "dedicated Chicano organizers" hired by the Teamsters, and the Teamster leaders who "consult directly with the workers." The Teamster goons, Solkoff writes, have been removed from the fields. Grower-Teamster collusion is a thing of the past, he implies. He then proceeds to quote "dedicated Chicano organizer" Ray Mendoza. Solkoff doesn't explain why Mendoza was identified by Board Chairman Bishop Roger Mahoney as one of a group of Teamster goons who physically assaulted the bishop and board member LeRoy Chatfield and slashed the tires of the bishop's state car.

Why did Solkoff leave out the "dedicated" Teamster organizers cited by the board for massive harassment and intimidation of farmworkers at the E&J Gallo election last fall? The state complaint against Gallo and the Teamsters listed prominent Teamster organizers as agents of the company. If that is not collusion, what is? (These are but a few examples of recent Teamster brutality and lawlessness committed *since* ALRA went into effect in August 1976.)

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Last summer, *Los Angeles Times* labor writer Harry Bernstein reported on the first union membership meeting Teamster leaders conducted with Teamster contract farmworkers in the five years the Teamsters have had contracts in the Salinas Valley. When a Teamster leader opened the meeting of 1000-odd Teamster farmworkers at a Salinas school auditorium, all but a handful of the workers pulled black eagle flags from inside their jackets, waved them in the air, and started shouting "Chavez Si, Teamsters No!"

Teamster leaders do not have meetings with farmworkers and have not negotiated a single contract thus far under the law. (This is partly because most of their election wins are being held up by the state and many will be reversed because of law violations.)

As a Mexican-American legislator, I was particularly offended by the racist implications in Solkoff's articles. In some circles it may be chic to ridicule Cesar Chavez and his movement. I am not impressed. But I am surprised to see such drivel in *The New Republic*. Given the traditions and ideals of your publication, I think you owe Chavez and the United Farm Workers an apology for shoddy journalism and misrepresentation of fact.

Richard Alatorre
Assemblyman
California Legislature
Sacramento, California

To the editors:

The article entitled "Can Cesar Chavez Cope With Success" by Joel Solkoff is surely a poor piece of journalism at best. At worst it is a direct insult to farmworkers.

It becomes increasingly obvious, as one reads through the article, that Solkoff never bothered to talk with the workers but preferred to get his information from the growers and some unnamed people he calls "urban supporters." He makes no indication that he has ever attended a union convention, no reference to any interviews with rank-and-file union members or workers. Since he seems to have made no effort at all to talk with the people who should know the most about the union, he should be dismissed as an authority. However a little light should be shed on some of his more preposterous assertions.

He claims that "Chavez made little effort to work with the growers. Instead, his actions were geared toward his urban supporters." Anyone who knows Cesar Chavez is fully aware that, for the past 15 years, this man has been 100 percent consumed by the struggle to build a union of farmworkers, run by farmworkers and led by farmworkers. The man is virtually incapable of "gearing" any action toward any other end or to any other group of people. No one, including Chavez himself, denies that there were administrative problems in running the hiring halls and servicing the contracts after they were won. But, after all, this was a new union, and for the workers and their leaders, administering contracts was a new experience. What Solkoff does *not* point out is that much of the trouble was due to the refusal of the growers to assume their share of the responsibility in making the system work, and that Chavez spent many, many hours patiently trying to get the growers to cooperate.

Solkoff then goes on to show his true colors. The hiring hall, he says, "was not only unnecessary, but burdensome." This, of course, is what the Teamsters and the growers have been saying all along. If Solkoff had ever talked to *workers* on this matter, he would know that the elimination of the labor contractor system and the establishment of union run hiring halls was absolutely *central* to their struggle for justice.

Perhaps the most incredible assertion Solkoff makes is that, while the Teamsters were racists, made sweetheart deals with the growers and hired "goons," this was alright because, once the contracts were stolen they hired Mexican organizers and were more efficient administrators. Evidently he believes the old adage that the end justifies the means. Of course he fails to mention that the Teamsters have now fired those "Mexican organizers" and have broken up their "farmworker local."

Finally, he refers to the recent elections by stating that the Teamsters won 120 of them. Actually, the figure is 102. He does not bother to go on to say that the United Farm Workers won 202 elections and that 68 percent of the workers voted for the UFW. That's not a bad percentage when you consider the pressures and intimidation placed upon the workers by the growers and the Teamsters, and the fact that Richard Nixon's 61 percent of the popular vote in 1972 was considered the greatest landslide of all time.

Can Cesar Chavez cope with success? A management consultant who has been

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working with the top leadership of the union recently told me: "Any one of these people could run any one of the top corporations in this country, and do it well." I have the privilege of knowing many of those people, and I believe that statement is accurate.

John R. Moyer
United Church Board
for Homeland Ministries
New York, New York

In reply:

These letters defending Cesar Chavez were predictable. Each writer in his own way has invested a great deal in the Chavez image. Jacques Levy spent six years writing a brilliant authorized biography, *Cesar Chavez, Autobiography of La Causa*, and as he explains in his letter, he "protection-trained" Chavez's German shepherds. Richard Alatorre, an assemblyman from a predominantly Mexican-American district in East Los Angeles, is a political ally and longtime supporter of Chavez. The letter from John Moyer is most disturbing because it illustrates the common theme in this criticism—that to expose the flaws in the Chavez myth is to wish harm on the farmworkers themselves. Nothing was further from my purpose.

I am not insensitive to the suffering of the people Chavez claims to represent, nor am I ignorant of the history of his (highly successful) struggle to win political recognition. Having worked for over a year as an editor of a newsletter concerned with the problems of farmworkers, I had the opportunity to see firsthand sugar cane cutters in Florida who find their work so difficult and degrading that they deliberately cut themselves with the cane knives so they can be sent home to their native Jamaica. I have visited the cranberry bogs of Massachusetts where workers from Puerto Rico live in deadly isolation along unpaved roads in Cape Cod. I have visited a daycare center less than 50 miles from Washington, DC, where virtually all the children of potato harvesters have diarrhea, evidence of malnutrition, sickness and neglect.

In researching this piece on Chavez, I spent two weeks in March under a grant from the Fund for Investigative Journalism seeing for myself the conditions in which farmworkers live in California. I picked oranges with them in the Imperial Valley. I drove hundreds of miles through the agricultural valleys of California talking about fruit and vegetables with workers, growers and government officials. I interviewed UFW personnel in Delano, where Chavez first succeeded in organizing farmworkers and where he once had his headquarters. I spend a long day at the UFW headquarters in the Tehachapi mountains where I asked questions of the people who run Chavez's data processing machines, his own private insurance company, his boycott headquarters, his press operations, etc.

Biographer Jacques Levy puts his finger on the reason for the angry response to my piece when he writes that it "is a difficult stunt for any writer to prove in one article that Chavez is both a brilliant success and a dismal failure." Apparently the idol worship is so intense that its adherents find it difficult to believe that Chavez is like other human beings and has the ability to do some things well and other things badly. His talents in agitating for union recognition and in winning political victories are impressive. However it is my opinion, based on extensive research, that his administrative skills are poor. Had Chavez chosen to administer his union efficiently rather than work so feverishly to maintain his image as a symbol of farmworker misery everywhere, the Teamsters would not have been able to steal his contracts. This view apparently does not meet the approval of Chavez's friends.

Joel Solkoff

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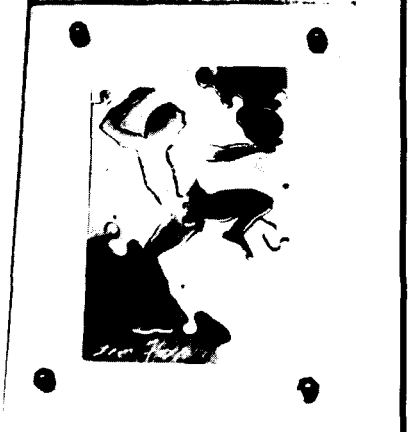

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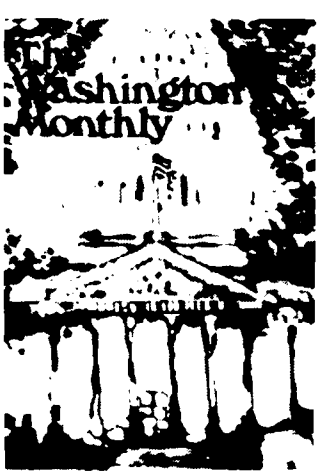

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